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A fairy-tale wedding



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**Maclean's**

COVER STORY

A fairy-tale wedding
The scenes were scarcely less
white as one of the warmest sum-
mers most people could remember,
delivered by rains in which
Britain's have-cats, white as
well as black, made headlines
around the world. Yet when
Prince Charles married Lady
Diana Spencer in London's St.
Paul's Cathedral last week, the
sun was shining and 750 million
people saw a nation united in
celebrating the happiness of a
royal couple.

Page 13



Ready for a return

Ex-president Abdullah Gül-Sadi may have had brain, but he plans to be back. —Page 22

— *James J.*

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You can't get there via VIA
 Calling 10 passenger rates has
 passengers piling steam up
 coast-to-coast — *Page 27*

Figure 2



No voice raised
Sharna Easton's wage struggle while-collar was—purely by coincidence —Page 37

Page 2 of 2



Down to the sea with canes
BC hatcheries saw 24 million
blind salmon fumbling down-
stream this spring. — Page 28

— *Phonetic*

Since the beginning of the postal strike, two issues of Maclean's have been distributed free to selected cities across Canada. Independent stores have been available only on weekends. No issue published since the strike began will be mailed to subscribers at the end of the strike. Two more issues, with the final mailing number, will be mailed when the strike ends because of its anniversary deadline. Current subscriptions will have their term extended by the eventual number of disrupted issues. Letters to the editor may be telephoned collect to (416) 485-5444.

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EDITORIAL

A land that ruled the waves can also waive the rules

By Peter C. Newman

This is the confession of a closet monarchist. It probably started back during Generalist Year, while I was teasing the national pavilions at Expo 67. Each country had tried not only to portray itself in the best possible light but to capture and present its own character. Some nations succeeded better than others, few more so than the British.

For me, the U.K. pavilion turned out to be the biggest surprise of the fair. Steady on the outside—so much so that it attracted relatively sparse crowds—the British display, at first glance, wasn't that startling. The building set out to celebrate the history of the English-speaking peoples by quite accurately and not very subtly documenting the influence that the U.K.'s explorers, writers and inventors have exerted over the evolution of the civilized world. What made the exhibit unusual were the delightful touches of self-deprecating humor. In the midst of all the historical pageants, industrial marvels and vignettes of literary giants, there had been planned a deliberately satirical clump of bushes with berries and toy singing birds. A hand-lettered sign pushed into the soil read: **IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A MORE GLORIOUS AND REFRESHING OBJECT THAN AN IMPROBABLE BIRD?**

Seeing how the British had managed to turn what

could have been the stuffy ceremony between two wedding-cake figures into a warm and joyful human event last week, I felt a resurgence of the sentiment that I had come away with from Expo 67: admiration of the British aptitude for exercising precisely the proper sense of occasion, and doing so with flair and wit.

Watching the sea of splendidly beamed humanity surge from St. Paul's Cathedral the three kilometres to Buckingham Palace, it was easy to understand why the British have survived such loss of supremacy with so indelible a spirit. It was also dramatically evident how much more meaningful it is to celebrate real live people—especially as charming a couple as the Prince and Princess of Wales—than to be stuck with commemorating dates and events, as we tend to do on national occasions. Yet again, there was that touch of irreverence, probably best caught by Alastair Burnet, a commentator for Britain's ITV network, who remarked that the wedding was such a grand occasion, "even the horses seemed to be smiling."

Every country needs the continual currency of symbols (as well as political) leadership. Canadians, enjoying the kinship of the Commonwealth link, can claim a little of the royal sentiment sweeping Britain to our own.

When their turn comes, long may Charles and Lady Di reign over us.

August 10, 1982

Maclean's

Editor

Paul C. Newman

Managing Editor

John H. Williams

Assistant Managing Editor

John Williams

Senior Editor

John Williams

Assistant Editor

John Williams

Assistant Editor

John Williams

Assistant Editor

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Assistant Editor

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LETTERS

From the prolific to the addlepat

Your profile of David Warren (*King of the Middle of the Road*, Aug. 3) paints out sadly that in this country, commercially successful theater has usually been reported on, if discussed, in a genuine embarrassment. So David Warren is so good at making money I had always thought that a playwright's job was to be good at telling us something about ourselves, about our world. Perhaps what this successful writer is saying is that his glibly broad-and-circus theater is all that we, the addlepat masses, could hope to understand.

—FRIS. KATLEY,
Toronto

A slash at the shooter

It is rather ironic that in his column on Terry Fox for was it on Pierre B. Trudeau's or on Jim Crichton's Allan Fotheringham displayed perhaps the type of cynicism he was so adroit to condemn (*A Map, Sixty Into the Heart*, July 13). Very opportunistic, he cited the plight of Terry Fox to attract the attention of unengaged readers to an article whose only purpose was to expose published back-slashing. This is cynicism at its worst, and a far cry from the feeling of unity and hope an idealistic young man left with us.

—DEVON REMAND-BRETT,
Oshawa



Warren, glibly broad and circuses

Riot for the prince and princess

The back pages of *Maclean's* is likely the last-read page in Canada. Expressing them to me it devoted to spurious trouble (*Upstairs, Downstairs*, Oshawa, July 27). The link drawn by Allan Fotheringham between the recent riots in Britain and Charles and Di is equally spurious, perhaps, but is hardly a helpful contribution to intelligent debate. A more likely cause of the riots is too much mobility. The side work there.

During the postal strike, readers may submit letters to the *Editor* at *Maclean's* Member office or next business across Canada (see contacts page and masthead for complete list) or by telephoning collect to Toronto (416) 596-6111 during normal hours in hours.

solves out of the photo so easily that they leave behind a hapless and hapless reader of scenes to an interestingly poor economy. It is perhaps a problem, but blurring the principals in the royal soap opera makes about as much sense as blaming Leslie Bell for the riots in Watts in 1965.

—CARMELYN BATHAM,
Toronto

Three cheers for Allan Fotheringham, one of the few sane voices to be heard amid all the fresh and numerous stories about the royal wedding. At a time when Britain is in a severe economic recession, with no sign of help, the medieval extravagance of the wedding must seem a slap in the face to many. I doubt if many of Britain's youth from the riot-prone inner cities were among the celebrants. Such pomp to distract the underprivileged has a long tradition, but has no place in the modern world.

—MICHAEL GORDON,
St. Catharines, Ont.

No room for servitude

Jean-Claude Parrot symbolizes more than wages, work and wants (*Ball a Strike and a Rise*, Cover, July 27). He also points out the curious inconsistency of a government that pressures monopolistic union companies, but has legislated and still condones monopolistic civil service unions. What ever happened to government employees who once upon a time signed their letters "Your obedient servant?"

—ALVIN S. DALLFORTH,
Mississauga, B.C.

PASSAGES



1946: William Wyler, 56, one of Hollywood's most renowned directors, of a heart attack in Beverly Hills, Calif. A three-time Oscar winner (*Mr. Rooster*, *The Best Years of Our*

Life, *Ben Hur*), Wyler was generally considered to be the prototype of the old-fashioned perfectionist. Sir Laurence Olivier, who worked with him on *Wuthering Heights* in 1939, said Wyler "nearly killed me with the memory of his efficiency." Wyler was honored with a retrospective series by the British Film Institute the week before he died.

RETIRED: Michael Dore, a former general of the RCMP Security Service, as his 64th birthday this week. Dore, who was promoted to the post in 1972 after three years as the vice chief of defense staff, will remain as a consultant to the service.

APPOINTED: Lawson Hunter, 36, as director of investigation and research by Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Andre Gauthier, in Ottawa. Hunter, a lawyer and former executive assistant to Michael Pitfield, succeeds the outgoing Robert Bernard who was named to the law-people and law-people tribunal in May after tabling controversial reports on oil monopolies and the uranium cartel.



DIED: Robert Moses, 92, the planner of New York City's Lincoln Center, the 1964 World's Fair and the mid-foundation for the United Nations building, of a heart failure in Long Island, N.Y. Hailed as the "master builder of New York City" earlier in his prelate 50-year career, Moses was subsequently criticized for his "bigger is better" ruled theory and for neglecting mass transit needs when planning the city's bridges and highways.



APPOINTED: Mr. Justice S. David Patten, 55, from the B.C. Supreme Court, following the May 11 resolution of a libel suit against Vancouver publisher W. W. King and journalist Woody King and journalist.

before a scheduled court appearance to answer charges of driving with a blood alcohol level of more than 0.08. A former justice minister appointed to the court in 1975, Patten has been hailed for a return bout of alcoholism when King mistakenly identified him in his book as a client and later apologized.

DIED: Prady Chayefsky, 54, pioneer TV playwright and critically acclaimed screenwriter, of cancer in New York. Chayefsky won his first Academy Award in 1965 for the film adaptation of his most famous TV play *Marty* and a second for *The Hospital* in 1971. Noted for his pungent dialogues, Chayefsky also wrote the screenplay for the highly acclaimed *Network* in 1976.



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major shot back, "The mayor of New York is not a coward, and the mayor of New York is not a schmuck."

Schnuck & Yiddish word that translates loosely as crony. It's only part of an arsenal that Koch deploys with such frequency that it sometimes seems he is single-handedly trying to create a new Yiddish lexicon. Other municipal favorites include words for big lies, *Zweimere* for ups-and-downs and *schmange* for crony, along with such classic English-Yiddish phrases as *kok* (as a chaotic far draw) and *crany*. Not since Fierich II (La Guardia, who presided over the city from 1934 to 1945, had a mayor made such political capital out of his ethnic roots. It's no coincidence that Koch calls La Guardia "the standard" by which all modern New York mayors must measure themselves.) During his inauguration as New York's fifth mayor four years ago, Koch, giving his own version of colonial history, turned to Beane, the city's first Jewish mayor, and observed, "You know, the first mayor didn't want to let us in. They wanted to send us, a group of Jewish men, straight to the reform movement, back to Russia. Did you know that? He must be turning over in his grave."

The election Joe Koch takes in his own argot has helped to turn the once-outraged rage at the fast-talking city slicker into something of a folk hero in parts of the country where New York and New Yorkers are usually regarded with disdain if not outright loathing. More important, particularly in an election year, Koch's up-front attitude appeals to other strong ethnic voices, mostly the city's Irish and Italian population. Middle-class whites see him as a defender of the traditional values that they feel have been eroded since their last past administration strove to provide municipal services to government-subsidized black and Puerto Rican residents. "Of course I defend the middle class. Because I am middle class," says Koch. "New York City should get down and kiss their feet."

The middle class pays the taxes and provides jobs for the poor. I want to make the poor into the middle class," says Koch, contradicting his own approach with that of former mayor Landau who was often accused of snuffing middle-class interests in an attempt to keep New York City from the epidemic of new riots that haunted the city in the 1960s. "Since the 1960s, I've never been able to identify with poverty," says Koch. "I don't know the poor. I've been poor. I know what it is."

Koch's most vivid memory of poverty is the restaurant kitchen man whom he fired, two years after he took the job as a bartender in the Depression. "It was demanding to ask people, as we did, 'Don't forget the hotcheck boy.' That

left a trauma. To live on the lip of people is something that I consider degrading," Koch has often recalled. The family, however, weathered the Depression and after graduating from New York University law school, Koch became immersed in the interethnic and interclass wars of the Democratic party in Greenwich Village. The party was badly split between regulars led by old-line boss Carmine De Sapio and reformers who wanted to oust the autocratic leader. Koch joined the reformers, straight to De Sapio's club and finally returned to the reform movement, defeating De Sapio in a crucial leadership

with Republican state Senator Ray Goodrich, but Koch squandered through with 50.9 per cent of the vote. Most politicians thought of him as a conscientious but colorless Liberal who needed the campaign support of Boss Morone, a former Boss America, to give him an appeal. Few people were prepared for the man who confessed he will never get an idea because "I am the sort of person who might give other people ideas." Nonetheless Koch maintains his moral shock-from-the-top style does not represent a radical change of personality. "I'm the same man, I always was," he says. "The only difference is

Shanghai street corner. "Halfway around the world and he's campaigning," laughs Sedovsky.

At six feet one inch tall, the mayor, who admits to a weight problem, fights to keep himself between 260 and 275 pounds. Casualty, dating, however, doesn't prevent him from preparing steak, salad and ice cream dinners for close friends in the one-bedroom apartment in Greenwich Village he returns to every weekend. The mayor's advice for a successful evening: 12 bottles of wine for eight people. (During the week the mayor lives in his East End official residence, Grace Mansion, six blocks

help his own cause when he described minority politicians who profit from anti-poverty programs as "poverty pigs." The mayor states he no longer uses the term but he refuses to back down from his tough rhetoric. "What black leaders really don't like," he says, "is that I talk to everybody the same way." Ed Gold, an old friend from Koch's Greenwich Village days, puts the problem in a slightly different perspective. "Sometimes Ed just has a big nose and he'll lose his temper and abuse people when he shouldn't," Gold says. "As far as racism goes, remember when a black couple in Queens

never found a house? Moreover, the fact that he delights that New Yorkers in take as proof of his minority by the nose of the left. 'Government is black,' accused political columnist Jack Newhall of the Village Voice.

Koch has particularly annoyed his former friends on the Democratic left with his ousting of the Reagan administration. Although Koch, per se, endorsed Carter as the last presidential candidate, he has continued to back George Bush and he has no secret of which man he found more compatible. "Reagan is certainly a nice guy," says Koch. "I like his character, his decency, his warmth." These kind words will probably not spare New York City from substantial cuts in federal aid but they have undoubtedly helped Koch in his drive to oust a Republican as well as a Democratic opponent.

If Koch is to retain his popularity, he will have to do more in his second term to improve the city's deteriorating municipal services. For much of his first administration, Koch has successfully posed as the strongest critic of the city rather than as the man intent on improving it. He has complained that the subway "stink" and has blasted judges, some of whom he himself appointed, for giving out lenient sentences. No one was more petty than Koch on garbage in the city streets and yet no one but Koch has more power to sweep them clean. Last year's record crime rate has already prompted him to call for 1,800 new cops and 160 civilians on the police force in next year's budget, plus 100 new trial courts. Still, Koch warns that he can never restore the level of services that existed before the 1976 fiscal crisis. "The only test you can apply today is to ask this question: 'Is Koch getting the biggest bang out of the bucks he has?'"

Koch's fearfulness reflects the street smarts that New Yorkers have always tried to think in an integral part of their city. "There's still a lot of street fighter in Ed," says media adviser David Gurin, a managing strategist. Adds former mayor Robert F. Wagner, whose self-effacing demeanor contrasts vividly with Koch's nerve, "Different times call for different people and Ed Koch certainly is the man for these times." And for quite a while to come if the mayor has his way. Like his beloved Prince Charles, a Republican who holds a position that survived three terms in city hall, Koch has announced he expects not only to win a second term but a third as well. Even if Koch is turned out of office before serving 12 years as mayor, one thing is for sure—the mayor will be a Republican. "I'll be a pretty good manager. I will get a better job," says Koch, patting for effect. "You will never get a better mayor." ♦



Koch in Egypt, at Polish parade, with Clara Corabrigue and Lauren Bacall at dinner



Koch launching war on subway crime (above) with Minsky Reagon and Prince Charles

ship built in 1963. From there he was elected first to the N.Y. City Council and then to the U.S. Congress where he served nine years representing Manhattan's fashionable "fiftieth street" district on the upper East Side. "They considered it a pork barrel seat. They said they wouldn't elect this guy from the Bronx, the son of Polish Jews, but they did," Koch likes to remember.

When Koch announced for mayor in 1977, however, few people gave him a chance to win. But he served a brutal prison, defeating Beane, former congressman Bella Abzug and Mario Cuomo, the son of Polish Jews, in the New York state election, who received the Liberal nomination, challenged Koch in the general election along

before I was mayor nobody was interested." Throughout his career, the 54-year-old Koch, a bachelor, has had little time for anything but politics. Although he trumpets New York's artistic life, Koch himself is no culture vulture. New York City Councilman Edward Sedovsky recalls what happened when he and his wife took Koch to a Carnegie Hall concert. "He was bored to tears," Sedovsky says. "The only thing he enjoyed was the intermissions when he could go into the lobby and shake people's hands. Sedovsky, who now passed Koch on a trip to China, also remembers the time the mayor stopped his official guide and started the local population by passing the flesh on a downtown

tree away, which he calls "my house in the country." Whenever he is asked "has time to ask the question that has become his political trademark, 'How's it doing?' While polls have shown that as many as 82 per cent of all New Yorkers approve of the mayor's performance, he still has some very vocal critics. Minority leaders see his ousting of the white middle class as a case-to-table appeal to racial bias. Black activist Kenneth B. Clark has called Koch "a bully" who "anchors" is racial prejudice, and former congressman Herman Badillo, who served as a deputy mayor until Koch fired him, now says, "I won't even talk to the man." Koch certainly didn't

had their home fire-bombed? Koch went out stood on their lawn, put him around them and blasted whatever did it. I think Koch likes people who pull themselves up by their own bootstraps, much the way he did." Even some of Koch's supporters, however, acknowledge a number of his controversial style. He has called the city "a cesspool of selfishness," and upbraided Prince Charles for Britain's stand on Northern Ireland.

Many colleagues from Koch's days in the reform movement accuse him of betraying liberal stances on a range of issues from the nearby urban problem of landlord and tenant relations to racial equality. "I don't even say my name in the same article with him," one for-



The French wave makes a big splash

The good times roll as Québécois once again descend upon their favorite seaside holiday spot

By Wynne Grigsby

Joseph Caron and Pierre Brasseur gleefully popped out of their sunglasses. Brasseur: The sun was high and the breakers were curling perfectly up and down the five-kilometer length of Wells Beach. Mr. Tasey's waitress lemons sizzled in off the steam packing up an oily, languorous note as they crossed the wide, sandy beach the ascent of a beautiful, slowly leaping, bodiless Caron and Gosselin were ready for action: shorts, T-shirts, tank tops, bathing trunks, swim trunks, sunglasses, tan-ning lotion, a picnic hamper and the golden smokes of sun-stained cigarettes. That was what they had come for. This is what made the shabby drive from a quiet suburb north of Montreal a real summer holiday. A coast of Maine summer holiday.

Pierre and Joe? asked a curious bystander. Mine, they chorused, c'est pas pareil? They're right. It's all the same. The south coast of Maine is warmer, sunnier, more accommodating and, above all, closer than the Gaspé or any other resort area on Canada's East Coast. Maine's sandy summer scene starts at Portland, an easy five-hour drive from both Montreal and Quebec City, and sweeps down to the Muskegette state line in a riot of lobster ponds, picturesque villages, campgrounds, cottages, guest houses, hotels, motels, shopping malls and gloriously sandy, spacious beaches that sleep gently out to sea. The border takes a 35-cent hike out of their dollar, and French

enjoys an official-language status in Maine, yet thousands of Québécois trek south every year to the Maine coast. In the summer months of 1988, the principal resort towns of southern Maine—Old Orchard Beach, Kennebunkport, York Beach, Wells Beach and Ogunquit—sold more than \$36 million (U.S.) worth of food and lodging to tourists. Best estimates indicate that 40 to 50 per cent of those tourists were Québécois and 90 per cent of them Québécois. George Gosselin, executive director of the Old Orchard Beach Chamber of Commerce, estimates that 85 per cent of Old Orchard's 22,000 beds were occupied by Québécois during the last two weeks of July. "A big year for us," he says, "that's where the Québec construction industry starts down for a two-week holiday. The rest of the time I'd say they make up anywhere between 40 and 65 per cent of our business. All told, I wouldn't be surprised if we got upwards of 250,000 Québécois coming through here in the course of a season."

Like most other Québécois, Joseph Caron, an attractive and frank 30-year-old, was introduced to the pleasures of beach life in Maine at Old Orchard Beach. A graceful and respectable southern resort when the Grand Trunk Railroad followed its fast railroads of well-built hoteliers in 1888, Old Orchard Beach has slowly been transformed into an unbelievably gaudy and grubby seaside beach town, a town knee-deep in junk food, eye-catching cottages, crowded and somewhat-boring animal rides. A tawdry, unglamorous beach

ring graces the main drag. A sign on it challenges passersby to "tarry a while and do a little beach-vacation." "I just won't go there anymore," says Caron, her nose wrinkling as if at a bad smell. "I want a little more peace and quiet."

Caron, like many of her compatriots, found peace and quiet further north. Ogunquit, 38 km down Route 1, is the chic new buzz word for Québécois holiday-makers. Where Old Orchard is seamy, Ogunquit is sleek. Most homes are artfully stocked and hand-labeled wooden shingles are in. Street restaurants are replete with brick and fire, drapery boutiques are staffed with the right designer labels and art galleries display sculptures in favor of grates and griddles. Cool and reasonably artistic, Ogunquit (pop. 1,800 winter, 10,000 summer) feels like home to Québec's apparently middle young professionals. It even received the mawkish seal of approval with Premier René Lévesque's holiday visit of 1977.

Twenty-one-year-old Marc Lévesque remembers Ogunquit as a different kind of resort town. "When I used to come here as an eight-year-old, this town felt more English than American. There were pickers everywhere, scattered houses, lots of old ladies in floral dresses and even in ice-cream belts and straw hats. Blue and grey hair everywhere. I guess the town started changing about seven years ago. A lot of Québécois are coming," he explains, in a pink grin barely crinkling the corners of his mouth. "They don't like having too many other Québécois around, so they

started coming here to get away from Old Orchard." The lack of Ogunquit hasn't changed so much as the clientele. The secluded tree-shaded streets are still lined with graceful, old-fashioned houses, and the more gracious summer houses—the ones where a view of the beach is considered better than being in one—still pride themselves on a cottage-court lawn and dawning gardens.

Up and down the length of Route 1, from York Beach to Old Orchard, the merchants of Maine juggle for the beach-covered tourist dollar. Beach-shack bars are perched on dunes with old and not-necessarily-antique furniture, while yards are carefully cluttered with well-worn lobster pots to cozy Yankee tourists like silk that down-blow favor for all its worth. These antique dealers play no tricks on people, hanging out an appointment-only shingle and smiling distastefully at



Boating ring on main street of Old Orchard: riot of lobster pounds

tourists wearing shorts, or at least the wrong kind of shorts. Shopping malls sprout at every bend in the road, bristling with the necessities: a supermarket, a hardware store, a liquor store and at least one factory outlet store. Chase checks and larger jets are strictly to be best, back competition from the police station and other fast-food empires by playing up local fauna with gourmet such as clam burritos and hand-served fish and chips. And everywhere you look, the Canadian body gets cheap shirts.

Assimilation comes in all flavors. There's motel modern, those concrete block and plywood palaces that recognize no borders, and there's the old-fashioned motor court, the kind with a white-washed floor out front and rows of unimpressive small, unimpressive cottages out back. Cape Codders range from the basic check-by-post, eat-at-five-in-eight variety through to



Boating ring on main street of Old Orchard: riot of lobster pounds

sidewalk and metal signs in Old Orchard Beach carries the all-important coded NOTRE-DAME-FRANCAIS. It's small-city stuff, but Québécois are well aware that it means that they can expect in many parts of Canada.

Québécois make considerable tea. Many of them seem to drink their defensive linguistic postures at the border. A misplaced sign is on their back, a gesture of good will in Maine. "It's true," admits Pierre Brasseur, a 25-year-old from St. Hyacinthe. "It bothers me a lot not to speak English here than I do back home. But I think that's because I always feel that subtle racism when I travel in English Canada, and I just don't feel it here."

Nat yet, anyway. But if the flood of Québécois into Maine brings to even approach the scale of the tidal wave that has swamped parts of Florida, Brasseur may find the atmosphere a little less friendly. Florida-based Québécois brought along so many cultural peeps—Québécois fast-food chains, French-language radio newscasts and the ubiquitous newspapers, cigarettes and beer—that many Florida natives at the sight of another Québec license plate.

Some Maine residents are already showing signs of strained goodwill. A motel clerk clerked his first Maine in Old Orchard Beach to move further down the coast. Why? "Too many Frenchmen," he says frankly. A gaggle of teen-age girls hanging around at the Ogunquit Beach parking lot ran spot Québécois by the way they dress. "They dress up to go to the beach," sneered Cindy, "some of them wear high heels." They wear adolescent laughing suits, real tiny things with everything hanging out," says Lisa, full of the venomous intensity only a 16-year-old girl can muster. "They don't want to live like they own the place." But even in this little sliver of hostility, Maine pragmatism is raised. "They just act weird cause they're tourists," says Sandy, a plumpish 17-year-old. "This town would be nothing without tourists."

Hostilities melt away like the grey coastal fogs that burn off under the summer sun's relentless glow. The gust of wind that sends a sailboat skidding across a sparkling bay can just as easily clear an angry mist. It's hard to keep a good sign up when the sunlight drenches the breakers and the sun is so blinding. As long as the sun is shining and the electronic cash register beeps, Maine folk will probably find a way to cope with the mounting tide of Québécois visitors. As long as the welcome mat is out, the beach wide and the sun breaking, Québécois, and their bathing suits and all, will keep coming back for more. ☺

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From the Cleveland Collection, the Woodbridge Museum

James M. Thompson

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COVER



The omens were bad, but it turned out to be a gigantic family party

By Carol Kennedy

The middle-aged Englishwoman with his rug and flask of tea, who spent nearly 35 hours stalling her claim to a patch of sidewalk by St. Paul's Cathedral, knew exactly what was so special in the atmosphere "Everyone," she said with some amusement, "is being so nice." For hardened old Brits, which this year has colored former racial tensions, street riots in the slums, the worst unemployment since the 1830s and a steady recovery of a nation, it was a rare sight to find a type of woman, even if it took a royal warrant to make people feel benevolent toward one another.

Foregatherers invariably agree that no one does these great occasions like the British. But the essence of them is not so much the plumes and well-drilled pageantry as the sudden uprush of comradeship and solidarity they release in an often-divided nation. Celebrations such as the coronation and the Queen's Silver Jubilee turned into gigantic family parties—and there was never such a family festival as the one that erupted last week in the streets of London.

The wedding of Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales and long-in-waiting, and Lady Diana Spencer, the blase-eyed "girl next door" just blossoming out of her teens, was more than "a flash of color on the hard road we have to travel," as Winston Churchill



Wedding and supporter Prince Andrew, off to St. Paul's (left), Archbishop of Canterbury conducts his service; the family in St. Peter's (left); Princess Anne, Capt. Mark Phillips, Princess Margaret, Viscountess Lister (right) the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother

described Princess Elizabeth's wedding in 1947—hardly yet though that road has grown far many. It was, so some 70 million people around the globe witnessed for themselves, an astonishing explosion of popular emotion that swept TV viewers thousands of kilometres away into the streets, unbridled passion in the press and left almost everyone, for a few hours, feeling just a little more hopeful about the future.

It did not at first seem it would turn out that way. A visitor to London the week before might have noted the three-headed municipal doormen (the word had gone not to be grotesque), threatening glances, an air of apathy and vaguely menacing hints of a disturbed society in the recent subway graffiti, gangs of hostile-looking youths, more riots in the urban graveyards of industrial Britain. Even so fireworks lit up the sky over London's Hyde Park on wedding eve, home-made firebombs provided their grim counterpoint in Liverpool's red-tinted Tassett district.

But the British are slow to wind up to great events, and, so if someone had guessed a month, a ridge of high pressure settled over the land, the sun beamed down and crowds poured out along the 32-km wedding route. Red, white and blue sprouted from every



The bride and her father, the Earl Spencer, arrive at the cathedral

against Prince Charles over Northern Ireland. Central London virtually stood up, causing President Ronald Reagan's, personality-pride wife, Nancy, to run half an hour late on her pre-wedding schedule as her police entourage stuck fast in the traffic.

Spectators took up prime outside positions as early as Sunday, noting the faithfulness who would watch it all from the comfort of armchairs—"It's a bit of history being made, isn't it?" explained one. "You've got to have a look at the real King and Queen, haven't you?" said another. Most were British, they came from Yorkshire and the Hebrides, the depressed mining towns of Wales and the pomp-motobroker belts of Kent and Sussex. The out-glims accounts of a girl's school principal mingled with the global coterie of park youths with matted-mohel hair.

One man outside St. Paul's had taken patriotic fever to absurdity, painting his face like the Union Jack; another, squatting in the leafy avenue leading to Buckingham Palace, wore a Union Jack T-shirt and a belt emblazoned with the Red Dragon of Wales. Said one companion, salesman Steven Timley, 34. "If you're going to be a fan, you might as well do a good job of it."

The rip-off merchants who have driven away so many tourists this

year—along with the riots, the weather and the strong wind—had a field day. On a cleared building site along Fleet Street, a temporary called Westminster Tearing had put up makeshift stands and was selling seats plus a packed lunch for between \$255 and \$400 each. Another, selling itself Corporate Capers, charged nearly \$400 for a seat with a champagne picnic hamper. Near Trafalgar Square, bottlings garbaged with greasy fried omelets found taken at an exorbitance \$8.75 each. Entrepreneurs might not be emerging in industry as fast as Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher would like, but there was no shortage of them making a quick "quid" out of Charles and Diana's nuptials.

The security industry was also in high gear. Behind the service personnel during the procession route, 4,000 policemen were ordered to turn their backs on the Queen—a touch of deliberate law-negativity so that each man could watch 28 faces in the crowd. A thousand of them were discreetly armed. After the shock of the Queen's birthday parade, when a youth fired blanks at her horse, the attempted assassination of Pope John-Paul II and President Reagan, and the deaths of IRA hunger-strikers in Belfast (a seventh, Kevin Lynch, died Saturday), no one was taking the remotest chance



Bride with Clarence House (right) and Catherine Cassan

The police appeared relaxed enough—officers had been ordered to "adopt a rep" for the day—but when at upper-story windows, consulting detectives raked the crowd with binoculars, rooftop canteens scanned the scene,

a TV company's airdrop carried a police observer 300 metres up and, from a helicopter, sophisticated equipment normally banned in sections of the crowd. Police "sniffer" dogs routinely checked St. Paul's, the railway track to the banqueting destination and the sewers under the city. Later, it was revealed that on the carriage of the Queen and the bride pair, one of the portfolios in secret and gold was actually an armed detective. It was a jittery time for security men. But in the end there was only a handful of arrests, all for such minor offences as pickpocketing.

Others, too, had pre-wedding nerves. The weekend before, the bride-to-be, who had steadily cruised her way through nearly five months of pre-nuptial slaughter, succumbed to tears at a country polo match and rushed for cover. As tradition required, she did not see her groom on wedding eve. While Prince Charles inaugurated a huge fireworks display for charity and at the first of a chain of 301 banquets in Hyde Park, watched by the Queen and 500,000 revelers, Diana spent her last night in the snug and comfortable state by going early to bed at the Queen Mother's residence, Clarence House.

At 3:30 on the wedding morning, police estimated nearly a million people



Leaving the cathedral left and right after similar from the Queen Mother with grandson Prince Andrew (right) and the Queen

along the cruise, with more flowing in by the minute. The streets, freshly washed, glistened like Dick Whittington's legendary gold with sand in the horses' hooves. Earl Spencer, the bride's ailing father—he nearly died from a cerebral hemorrhage two years ago—told reporters at his gate that Spensers had served their "king and country" for hundreds of years and that Diana was "wowing to help her country for the rest of her life." (She chose the lyrics *I Vow to Thee My Country* for the service.)

Many of the 2,600 wedding guests got stuck in a line of limousines nose-to-tail down the Strand, but police dissolved the jam and, promptly on cue, the pressmen moved out of Buckingham Palace far enough: major members of the Royal Family first, then the remnants of continental royalty, crossing only King Juan Carlos of Spain, who had objected to the royal decision to embrace

from Gibraltar—the subject of a current sovereignty wrangle with Spain—as the start of the honeymoon cruise on Britannia.

Then it real poignantly begins the Queen's marriage procession, right over onto London driven by a platoon of cavalry, with their flying phares and burning investigations. The Queen, as aquamarine, looked none for much of the role, perhaps resulting these great shots Philip, by contrast, seemed to prevail in it all. Princess Anne's often forbidding expression was transformed to good humor under a frostless yellow hat, the Queen Mother, approaching her 80th birthday, and recently being given an even warmer reception than usual.

The choir reached a crescendo as the bridegroom drove out in his specially tailored Royal Navy "No. 1" uniform.

Three virgin co-wedders do not normally raise the solemnity's dignity, but the Queen has given her assent for them to do this. Charles joked on the way St. Paul's that his brother Prince Andrew, who carried the ring (Diana had the last of the famous nugget of Welsh gold that furnished wedding rings for the Queen Mother in 1933, the Queen in 1947, Princess Margaret in 1960 and Princess Anne in 1973), is at the top of the red-carpeted cathedral steps. Charles turned to flash a chat smile, but smile, flushed by his brotherly "supporters" — Andrew in midshipman's uniform, Edward in grey morning dress — his co-wedders seemed to falter like that of any groom awaiting his bride.

But Diana evaded no bride's privilege of lateness, arriving on schedule in the large-windowed Glass Coach which was filled with a frothing heap of ivory silk and satin. As she slipped out, it



Back to the palace, the newlyweds, leading the procession, greet the crowd.



Top row: Nigel Phillips, Prince Andrew, Viscount Linley, Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Edward, Princess of Wales, Prince of Wales, bride's grandmother Lady Fermoy, bride's sister Lady Jane Fellowes, bride's brother Viscount Althorp, Robert Fellowes **middle row:** Princess Anne, Princess Margaret, Sir Charles Walker, Sir Charles, Lady Margaret and Lady Diana



Outside the palace, tens of thousands wait for a glimpse of the royal couple.

[illegible]

The bride, all sign of nerves vanished, advanced calmly up the long aisle to Jeremiah Clarke's *Trumpet Voluntary*, seeking to steady her father's arm.

rather than the other way round. Princess Anne, in her break week, had said at her wedding that she didn't want "yards of uncontrollable children."

Diana had seven—the youngest, Catherine Hammett, 5, was her favorite pupil at the South London kindergarten where she worked part-time until her engagement. Among the others were two Cincinnaths—Ramsay Butler, secretary to the governor-general, who now worked at a press made at Buckingham Palace, and Bruce Griffin, an army chaplain from defense headquarters who worked as equerry to Prince Charles in 1983 visit to Canada. The official Canadian list of guests numbered 1,000, including four Prime Ministers Pierre Trudeau, Governor-General Edward Schreyer,



One for the (Metropolitan Police) album, and (right) royal fireworks

and his wife and High Commissioner Jean Wadsworth.

As bride and groom touched hands and exchanged loving glances, the whole vast TV spectacular—the most elaborate ever staged—suddenly became an intimate moment. The millions of watching pairs of eyes, the intimated guests were forgotten as the dean of St. Paul's intoned the old, familiar words: "Hearty beloved..." Charles flicked away a tear but, moments later as the silver-robed Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie, spoke solemnly of the protection of children, the prince openly looked down to hide an inexpressible grin.

The couple endorsed themselves to

Through a haze — purply

Most Canadians could only see the royal wedding through television, where a close view of the event was obscured by a thick, sticky veil of sentimentalism. Watching TV too often felt like witnessing up the barrel of a gun at a roadside fatality, though there was the odd braising peek of intimacy: some sex woman reporting the wedding as if it had something to do with elevated democracy, telling us in a voice sharp with significance which royal relatives were getting the strongest applause, or Knowledge Nook, reminding us that the newlyweds weren't carrying their own bags into Waterloo Station. Most of the daily newspapers also exploded into purple prose—outstanding in the case of the Ottawa Citizen in a people-related headline: "Stunning! Divorced in the marriage details, it was difficult to keep a perspective."

Nonetheless, Her Majesty's Canadian subjects made the most of what they got. Ontario Hydro, entering the summer power surge, calculated that in Ontario alone one million TV sets were tuned to the epithelial its customers



thus collectively added an estimated \$31,000 to their hydro bills (Hydro-Quebec, by contrast, reported no such surge). In Vancouver, the regional water department muzzed the valves to adjust to an expected drop in water pressure caused by a mass flushing of toilets. The department says the same thing happens after the national news every night; the phenomenon was first noticed during the Greg Cipe game of 1994. In downtown Boston Square, about 5,500 Vancouverites gathered at a "high tea" to be served a teem of cake and tea poured from silver services. Just one spot of bother, when a Winnipeg punk rock group, the Nostalgia, not only jumped the queue but dropped purple the repeated 11 distributable donations.

Things were more serene in Regina, where Gordon and Jean Ashdown—and Gordon's parents from Great England—were startled at their own TV wedding party when Saskatchewan's lieutenant-governor, C. Irwin McIntosh, dropped in unexpectedly to share a toast. Said June of the visit, staged by The Leader-Post: "It was a lovely surprise and we were quite overwhelmed." Dawn broke over Winnipeg with celebrations in various stages of excitement. While their husbands smoked, teacher Bruce Goydos and two others "drank tea and thought of

Britain." At another party, a diabetic patriotically washed for her insulin injection with Bealster's gin in Montreal's Anglo Westmount, breakfast perfume were all the rage. "I'm an actor, architect, but that is something special," Westmount host Kim Kerkland told The Gazette. "It's historic and well worth a party." The local papers in Halifax, The Chronicle-Herald and The Mail Star, didn't get around to covering local wedding relationships, but in St. John's they were hard to miss: in front of city hall the Massey-Randall League of Canada suffered a vast Union Jack stitched mare

Vancouver's cake are spot of bother



They also cheered London's peppy kings and queens (above), and Canada's Prime Minister Trudeau

the world by stuffing their curbside rehearsal. Thus, Diana agreed to take "Philip Charles Arthur George" and Charles, who should have and after the archbishop, "and all my worthy goods with thee I share," said instead, "and all thy goods with thee I share." But there were solemn moments. Archbishop Runcie called it "the stuff of which fairy tales are made," but also reminded his listeners of the serious public good in which royalty lives. May the burden we lay on them be matched by the love with which we support them in the years ahead." Reminders of other challenges intruded when Cardinal Basil Hume, Britain's leading Roman Catholic primate, took his part with other clergymen in the service. Elton's prob-

est feedback, the Rev. Ian Paisley, had boycotted the wedding in protest of Hume's presence.

It was, as Charles had wanted, a very musical wedding with rolling ceremonial tunes by Gustav Holst, Sir William Walton and Sir Edward Elgar. As they signed the register ("Charles P" and "Diana Spencer") away from prying TV eyes, New Zealand Maori opera singer Kiri Te Kanawa soared into an aria from Handel's Sonatas. Then, officially seen and wife, Diana's veil hung back, it was down the aisle to Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance No. 1.



For Henry volley: entering the surge

on the scale of a cricket pitch—44 metres by nine.

Avoid the nation's abundant and energetic joy; it was no work to raise funds for the princely couple's future, or that of the House of Windsor. Unapologetic, far calmer, who any nagging thought that the heat to the throne was wrong to find a spouse—for the first time since 1689—

in England, just when the English upper class might already be showing the debilitating symptoms of a seriously depleted gene pool. The Toronto Globe and Mail wisely ignored such forebodings in its celebratory editorial, in which it recorded: "Canadian, like the British, the peoples of the Commonwealth and many millions of others around the world, will wish all happiness to a truly royal, royal couple."

—JOHN HAT



The streets erupted in frenzy as they drove home with their jangling escort, bells peeling from St. Paul's. A silver hearseman gleamed in the 1992 state limousine and a rain of rose, carnations and rose petals fell on the bridal pair from upper windows along the route. Near the palace, the procession slowed to walking pace for the hearing, yelling mass of well-wishers to get a longer look. Charles appeared almost stunned by the noisiness. But it was as nothing to the reaction to the couple's ritual appearance on the palace balcony. Fear tenses swarmed back by the trained chiers, the newlyweds finally gave their audience what it wanted—a fleeting but lasting joy. Triumphantly, a banner waved above the sea of flags: LOVE IS CHARLIE AND DI.

The wedding breakfast consumed 120 guests feasted as lobster-topped brill, chicken breasts stuffed with lamb mince and strawberries and Cornish cream, washed down by champagne and the five-thousand 100-gram cake of the Royal Navy cooks had laid it well with rum; it was time for the going away. Cheers of delight broke from the crowd as the state limousine responded—this time only decked with blue and silver balloons and a hand-lettered JUST MARRIED sign with hearts and arrows, the work of Andrew and Edward. Charles led Diana's hand clamped on



his knee on the lavishly redecorated Waterloo Station where Diana emphatically planted a kiss on the cheek of 65-year-old Lord Mackenzie, the Lord Chamberlain and organizer of the wedding. Then they vanished into the special train. Just under two hours later, the honeymooners were safely hailed up at Broadlands, the sumptuous country home of the late Lord Mountbatten, on the same two-bedroom first-floor suite used by the Queen and Prince Philip as their honeymoon in 1947. Reporters besieged the locked and guarded gates in vain, looking for scraps of information. Some even fired a shot at a bottle in the River Test at the foot of the estate, where Charles was expected to go fishing, imploring him to appear for the cameras he didn't.

Mountbatten, Charles's beloved "Uncle Dickie," who was murdered by the IRA in 1979, had been more relaxed earlier that day: the bride's bouquet of white gardenias, orchids, fennel and poppies was also contained golden Mountbatten roses. The bouquet was later passed on the Dilke's Warren's grass in Westminster Abbey.

For those still in a mood to celebrate, hundreds of street parties got under way the Sunday before the wedding,



The day that changed the world, and the honeymoon begins

traders had closed Oxford Street, London's busiest shopping route, for what was billed as the world's biggest street party—two kilometers of tables groaning with 10 tonnes of goodies for 5,500 handicapped and deprived children.

Not everyone had fallen under the honeymoon spell, however. Several disaffected groups made well-publicized suits to "republican" countries (France and Ireland), there were "back against royalty" concerts and T-shirts bearing the slogan "what's with Prince? Ken Livingstone, militantly left-wing leader of the Greater London Council,

was officially invited to the wedding but instead went to work dressed in blue jeans. Welsh author Ian Morris donned a John Deere t-shirt with a red charge operation name (John Deere) despite it being better to *The Times* reporting "one citizen's sense of rebellion and forbidding at the automation, the extravagance and the spectacle" surrounding the wedding.

But as week's end, as the honeymooners flew off to Gibraltar—Charles piloting the elderly *Andover* turbo-prop of the Queen's Flight—before boarding the royal yacht for a Mediterranean cruise to undisclosed destinations, most commentators were reflecting on the remarkable national sense of family which the monarchy is still capable of raising on such occasions.

For a brief while, people of all colors had danced in the street with each other and with politeness. Would the mood rub off on Brighton and Liverpool, where ethnic hostilities had focused on the police as symbols of authority? Or would it all, like any other intense burst of party-going, end in a hangover? As the unusual spell of summer dissolved back into chilly rain and the flags and flowers wilted in the downpour, so one could say for sure. □

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Tehran-on-the-Seine gains a rallying point



Police guards (left) outside apartment of Bani-Sadr (right): thorny problems

The residents of the 10-story concrete apartment block at 38 rue Pasteur-Royal in the bland Paris bedroom suburb of Clichy, the return of a familiar figure was less a homecoming than a threat. Armed riot police in bulletproof vests mingled with them in the street and prowled neighboring rooftops with telescopic rifles. Gardarmen belted them on the sidewalks, demanding identity cards. More riot frisks there in the lobby. "And all this with a nursery school across the street," fumed one, confiding that a tenants' group had already demanded that the town's mayor make the bourgeoisie pay for their own security.

However, the neighbors weren't the only French citizens who were less than enthusiastic about the return of Abolmouhannad Bani-Sadr, Iran's 50-year-old deposed president, who became its most wanted man before last week's flight back to the land where he had already spent 15 years in exile. From the moment his commiserated Iranian Air Force Boeing 707 touched down at Orly airport, some 100 miles west of Paris, at 4:23 a.m. last Wednesday, Bani-Sadr's request for political asylum from the French government was a foregone conclusion. The French government's position was a foregone conclusion. The French government's position was a foregone conclusion.

Most worrisome was the revolution it

risked provoking among the numerous mobs in Tehran. With approximately 100 French consuls and 15 embassy staff under Ambassador Guy Gourgou still in Iran, fears of another hostage-taking were only heightened when an angry Ayatollah Sadegh Khatami, the so-called "hanging judge," told French deputies of the Majlis that "the French Embassy serves as a prison. If the government doesn't take any decision about it, then the people will." The story was all the clearer considering that it was France's tradition of offering political asylum that allowed the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, with Bani-Sadr at his side, to flee southern Paris suburb Mantes-la-Jolie—on June 18 months as the launchpad for the Iranian revolution.

Bani-Sadr was reduced to sign a declaration that he wouldn't engage in political activities as French soil—and was sharply rebuffed by his promise by a senior official after impetuous denunciations of "Khomeini's terrorism" and an announcement that he would launch a "national resistance council" in front of TV cameras gathered on the steps of his apartment. But there are doubts that he will stay there for long. As the most compelling rallying point for enemies of the Iranian mullahs, he's been the president of the Iranian mullahs for 18 months ago with 75 per cent of

the popular vote—the architect of Khomeini's ascent assumed on the Shah's regime clearly had every intention of staging a rerun, this time with himself in the starring role. The plot was organized his escape, Col. Rezaul Massi, and the armed forces were ready to rise in his support. While his other companion in flight, Massoud Rajavi, is the 30-year-old leader of the leftist Islamic guerrilla movement Mojaheddin-Khalq, the most potent force of armed resistance to the clergy.

In his beaming 10-minute arrival speech, Bani-Sadr intoned how, washed in the back of a tiny truck and sharp of his trade mark black mustache, he had been smuggled aboard the 707, for which Massi had filed a protest training flight plan the day before, disguised as an ordinary aircraft. Some residents of Clichy believe the French may have been alerted to the plot in advance. A week before his flight, security was noticeably stiffened outside 16 rue Pasteur-Royal, where his sister and two teenage daughters were awaiting him. The neighbors' greatest fear, however, was that the ayatollah's hot men would stage an attack similar to the bloody riot at former Iranian premier-tycoon Shapour Bakhtiari's apartment in suburban Neuilly last year.

There were no welcoming words from that worthy, however. Launching the ex-president as "a man who next doors and dozens of persons before a firing squad," Bakhtiari last week said there could never be an alliance between Bani-Sadr and himself, still alone with the other 45,000 Iranian exiles who were ready to return to Tehran on the Seine. He also said at no time in receding that he had predicted the revolution would finish by eating its own young. Bani-Sadr said not so in the last refuge, he added. "Soon it may be necessary to rent an apartment for Khomeini here too."

—MARK McDONALD

El Salvador

Dilemma of the dispossessed

The settlement of 50,000 Salvadoran refugees at La Verdad in Honduras has been a disaster for the children still scarred about with running guns and skin diseases, and there had been instances of Salvadoran paramilitary units arriving with Henderson soldiers to terrorize and question the inmates. But compared to their working refuge in the Salvadoran interior, their counterparts in exile were prospering. Rebel workers from the United Nations High Commission on Refugees and Honduran religious organizations were



setting up clinics and classrooms, and the United Salvadoran front in Honduras, making one-by-one Henderson islands islands with carefully tended vegetable gardens, planned for the camp's food supply. They had only to look across the valley to see El Salvador, and at some days, when helicopters arrived in hazy and bomb-preserved guerrilla camps in Chalatenango province, they could even see the war they had left behind.

Last week, however, all that had changed in late June, Salvadoran Minister of Defense José Guillermo García announced that the camp in Honduras was harboring guerrillas. While a

work, the Honduran regional commander, Col. Oscar Mejía, Funes, urged shocked international relief workers to ignore their 30,000 charges. By last week American-trained units of the Salvadoran army had flown into the region where the camps had been to begin a drive back across the border into El Salvador. Another "Operation Sandwin" of the land that led to an estimated 600 deaths in 1980 at the Rio Sumpul had begun.

For the hundreds of thousands fleeing El Salvador's endemic political violence, survival means fleeing quickly and unobscuredly, and often paying

one's own transportation," he said.

Indeed, as long ago as last December García armed himself with extraordinary powers in the name of the National Security Act (NSA), which retroactively declared without trial for people suspected of threatening India's security or public order, or interfering with essential public services. The NSA's provisions were not as harsh as those of the deposed MISA (Maintenance of Internal Security Act) which Gandhi used to terrorize opponents before he fell from power in 1977. Distances were given access to the courts. But as the *Tribune Express* pointed out, even an original form was not as draconian as it later became—and a similar process seems to be at work in the case of the NSA. Although cabinet ministers tentatively re-



Refugees of the El Salvador conflict

sisted there was "no question" of using detention to curb political dissent or trade union activity, almost all those now held without trial have been engaged in what would normally be regarded as legitimate activities. In the case of Benito Samart, a trade union leader, his detention order struck down by the Honduran High Court but was immediately reinstated under the NSA.

Gandhi's oversight against organized labor is widely regarded as a pre-emptive move in the face of worsening inflation. The fear is that she has other unpleasant surprises in store, probably a freeze on wages and benefits, and that when this part of her economic package is unveiled she will need her extraordinary anti-strike legislation.

—PETER KIRKMAN

A strike against the labor unions

It would be wrong to say that India's labor unions are armed against the world's most numerous democracy last only 12 million men-days to strikes last year compared with 44 million in 1979 and the last year since then hasn't been too bad, except for a 77-day strike in four big public sector undertakings in the southern city of Bangalore.

Over the generally satisfactory labor scene was cast last week the shadow of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, bent on business. India could only gain at. After a bitterly contested cabinet meeting the government assumed emerging powers to ban strikes in essential services, although none were seriously threatened. A special ordinance empowered police to arrest, without warrant, anybody "reasonably suspected" of having committed an offence under the new laws and provided for the summary trial, imprisonment and dismissal of strikers and strike organizers.

Labor leaders and political opponents quickly reviled the state of emergency Gandhi introduced in 1975. One of the leaders of the Bharatiya Janata party, Mohi Manohar Joshi, pointed out that the government already had powers. To deny the right to strike in the public utility industry any service essential was, in fact, a method to cover the govern-



persons within El Salvador come from Chalatenango, Chimala and Maraca, the least heavily populated and poorest one of the country. Almost 90 per cent of homes have no electricity and electricity approaches 50 per cent. These social factors, along with the hills, terraces, forest frontiers and lack of roads, have made the area a bedrock of guerrilla support. Over the past year the Salvadoran government has come to rely more and more heavily on planes and mortars to attack indiscriminately, and civil as well as military have risen properly uneasy.

There are political lines drawn among the refugee population, of course. One group of 3,000 refugees in Berlin, a town in Guatemala province, is made up entirely of government supporters and members of the rural paramilitary guards who fled when it became clear the guerrillas were gaining control. Such groups, which receive government and Red Cross help, amount for 10,000 to 15,000 of the displaced within the country. The rest are not nearly so well off. The camp administrators' greatest single problem—made from grave shortages of food and such—is ensuring refugees' immunity. The 800 people crowded onto the grounds of the Catholic seminary in San Salvador, for example, have been the victims of national police and paramilitary raids three times so far this year. Each has resulted in more "disappearances." "The psychological state of these people is panic," stated a volunteer relief organization representative for the Green Cross, a Salvadoran relief organization responsible for the bulk of the refugee administration. In some camps, fear of the nightfalls has led to a further exodus of adults—leaving beleaguered relief workers to cope with terrified, confused children.

Although the military raids on the camps are most common in El Salvador, church workers from camps in Honduras report that Salvadoran National Guard and military police officers, the paramilitary organization, have arrived at the camps with Honduran military personnel to point out individual refugees, who promptly "disappear."

For the remainder of the future is hard, many Salvadorans pride themselves on being hardworking and many refugees are anxious to return to their fields. But observers, such as Arturo Merodis of the International Red Cross, say that houses, livestock and crops have been destroyed in the fighting. In addition, in the words of one man forced to flee his government agricultural co-operative: "The army keeps telling us to leave the camp and go back to work, but we're afraid. If we do, they'll kill us." In the nightmare world of the Salvadoran refugee, this hell you know is sometimes better than the unknown.

—ANNE NELSON

U.S.A.

Captives of the consensus

How the Democrats were corralled over the cuts



Phonies of the mike: "A telephone like this this nation has never seen."

By Michael Posner

In the end, it was an old-fashioned rout. By a lopsided margin, the U.S. House of Representatives last week approved the Reagan administration's controversial 22-per-cent tax cut—and ingenuitly in the president's ambitious recipe for the economic leveling of America. In the parlance of Las Vegas, Ronald Reagan is in a sell. He has now won three consecutive struggles on Capitol Hill, and the customers of his erstwhile opponents, the Democratic party, can be faced in any corner of Congress.

The Democrats have not simply been humiliated, they have been outplayed. Had someone suggested a year ago that any president could persuade a Democratic-controlled House to raise \$36 billion (9.9 per cent of the federal budget) to cushion the largest tax cut since the days of Calvin Coolidge, he would very quickly have been curled away to that special anguish reserved for irreverent cases of political insanity. But that is

precisely what Reagan has done. His mastery of Congress is now being gloriously compared to Lyndon Johnson's, and his radical reduction of federal government spending is being hailed as the miracle of the decade. The effectiveness of what Reagan has wrought has yet to be tested, despite the White House's sanguine assurances, an impressive body of economists remains skeptical that his program can succeed in actually reducing the allowances of inflation and reshaping the nation's industrial energies. But for the short term at least Ronald Reagan is doing more to persuade Americans to politics, and it is a moot point whether, on any significant legislative issue, he can be prevented from detaching his will.

The winning tax measure, scheduled to arrive as the president's desk this week after passage in the Senate, was in fact scarcely different from the Democratic-sponsored law. Philosophically, both bills were cut from the same prior of rich Republican cloth, not only reducing personal income taxes but offering generous concessions to corporations,



O'Neil: the voters' message was blunt

inventors and oil producers. "I really do not like either of these proposals," complained George Democratic Edward Levi, who voted with Reagan. "Both contain overtones, bookkeeping and provisions which have no business in a responsible tax bill."

Indeed, the tax vote had less to do with economic policy than with power politics: both sides willing to discard principle to enlist support. Reagan won this debate as he was earlier budget battles, winning almost personal satisfaction for made 18 phone calls to wavering congressmen the day of the vote with backroom bartering. Some 48 Democrats finally abandoned their own bill, lured by promises or the whiff of pressure. New York Democratic Rep. Mario Ruggie, for example, stated his vote for the president's coalition agreement to restore the \$122 million monthly social security benefit, previously swept from the budget. Right Georgia Democrats responded, it was rumored, after the White House implied it would postpone a planned phantasm of peanut subsidies, a vital state crop. Others were reportedly told, in return for their endorsement, Republicans would offer them only token opposition in 1982 congressional elections.

But it was the president's prize-free midterm pack, two days before the vote, that ultimately delivered the victory. The impact of Reagan's sly performance was awesome, generating, as dependent House Speaker Tip O'Neill put it, "a telephone like this the nation has never seen." The congressional message was blunt: pass the Reagan tax bill. There were even official by television advertising, which depicted the Democrats' tax cut as a

lavishly wrapped Christmas present with nothing inside, and by dozens of campaign-contributing corporations, who termed their telephone books were to employees and told them exactly what to say.

This is a remarkable development in American politics, the ability of Ronald Reagan to lead public opinion by flowery recitation of a well-rehearsed script. Until now, the administration has depended this talent in the service of its expansive economic program. But a new agenda is bound to emerge, including such contentious issues as abortion, school prayer, desecration, and foreign policy, the role of advisers warning to lead players to steady Arabia.

If Ronald Reagan can turn 60 years of American economic history on its ear in six short months, surely he has considerable mastery of a microphone, what is to prevent him from attacking whatever issues he next priority to a weaker foe, threatening congressional incumbents (Republicans or Democrats) with the inescapable pressure of the nation's consensus? Among all the other consequences of last week's historic vote, that may have been the most far-reaching, and the most ominous.

The resurrector of William Casey

Even by American standards, the belauding, bawling, and resurrection of William Casey all within a single week proved political testament of the first order. The director of the Central Intelligence Agency was effectively demoted July 26 when Barry Goldwater, chairman of the Senate select committee on intelligence, harshly upbraided Casey to resign. What provoked the aging Republican's terrible loss was Casey's high-handed, non-consultative methods of running

the CIA. Negotiating to elect it first with Goldwater, Casey had chosen a veritable doorman, leaving members important Bill Brock, to lead the agency's covert operations—surely the most important job in American espionage. Brock was a heating, overbearing, wit, but while some of his prior intelligence were revealed otherwise, July 27 to be critical, if not legally, non-prosecuting, Brock was forced to resign. Casey's judgment was questioned and the newly elected CIA sustained yet another blow in its diminished credibility.

Patron among patrons, Goldwater believes that anything impeding the improved performance of the CIA ought to be expeditiously removed, and he was joined in his quest for Casey's heavy head by two other prominent Republicans. (Ironically, far once, the Democrats staged out of this introversive vote.) But Casey's brief tenure would have disappeared into history but for an eleven-hour meat operation directed by White House Chief of Staff James Baker and sheltered by Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker. The two Bakas also set the tone for Casey to resign: that a marathon round of friendly persuasion with other intelligence committee members, time to let Goldwater know that his own choice for CIA director, Admiral Bobby Innes, the current deputy director, would not have the White House's blessing.

The rest was pretty much pro forma, the central question being how to effect Casey's resurrection with a minimum of embarrassment and recrimination. The committee went ahead and named former Watergate prosecutor Fred Thompson, ostensibly to review Casey's own extract honors (two recent federal judgments suggested his performance in managing diversions of funds and mismanagement was severe) the focus

Casey (left) on Capitol Hill another blow to the CIA's diminished credibility



of money. Casey himself spent five hours before the full committee last week, pledging to polish briefing procedures and keep the senators in touch. Although no one was afterward prepared to grant exoneration, or the odd chance that some damaging data might come to light, Casey was effectively absolved.

Some questions linger from this odd affair, questions about how much and Godfather's week-Casey movement received from CIA personnel and what impact there will be on the morale of the agency led by a man who may never have the confidence of his Senate overseers. Among many who monitor the CIA closely, the feeling was that Casey's resignation had been contrived in part to avert an immediate crisis and that, within a year or so, he would find an honorable pretext to retire. —M.P.

Shooting for the stars

In the City of the Angels, currently vying with New York for the title of Murder Capital of the U.S., handguns are big business. One in four residents owns a gun and 80 per cent purchased their weapons in the past year. That's around a 35 million handgun in Los Angeles County alone. So the folks who have thought up the newly opened Beverly Hills Gun Club believe they're fulfilling a very real need.

Others in this town, conversely, are at odds of million-dollar houses say they're making it on people's fear of crime. But that makes club co-founder and president Arthur Kassel and "I'd sense we want to make money," says Kassel, who recently took out ads in the mail-order trade papers inviting lost Hollywood to drop by for free daylong

Roadblock: wheels abandoned with owner



Derek on a motorcycle heading abroad

open houses celebrating the club's opening. "But the reality is that in rapers, murderers and robbers, not to mention people are buying guns. Don't you think they should know how to use them?"

Kassel says he has been in the security business for years, providing safety for the likes of California's Governor Jerry Brown and former president Gerald Ford. He has made \$500,000 (U.S.) in this venture. What does the affluent gun owner get for his \$250-a-year membership and \$150-month dues? A spe-

cialist now building duffed up by top head designers, with a shooting range "second only to the FBI's in professionalism." Members must be based in their guns empty ("people get carried"), in the blue, sleekly rimmed walls where, beside the range, they find a gas shop with resident gunsmith. There are bookshelves, tables in the plush members-only lounge, a giant TV set, games for the younger set, a wine room with barbecue area—all the usual trappings except booze. "Alcohol and gunpowder don't mix," says Kassel.

Hollywood has the piters, and with reason. The John Lennon and Ronald Reagan shootings inspired week-end sales that sent chills down many a firearm spine. The private security industry, in that city that registered 1,250 murders last year in 30-per-cent increase over 1979, is booming. Bodyguards—starting at \$20 an hour—are at a premium. Roger David Brown's son, on duty 24 hours a day, cost him \$18,000 a week. "Nude and vice" parties are fashionable in Beverly Hills and Bel-Air. Last year California issued 108,000 new gun permits. In the first six months of 1981, the number has soared to 400,000. Blogging and mayhem are this year's hottest party topics. How singer Linda Ronstadt, Brown's girl-friend, resigned to her Malibu beach house one night to find the house ransacked, the bed sheets shredded with a razor and a note on the pillow: "You just time." How actress Bo Derek and husband left on an extended holiday before she returned to find more than 700 screaming phony calls and letters. How actress Penelope Pele, 35, was widowed, scared off intruders at the bathroom window. Police suspect it was an attempt to kidnap daughter, Jane Malt, 12, heir to the Klein millions.

No one cause for the startling rise in California crime has been advanced. But sociologists point to the frustration and isolation of the jobless, rising in black and Hispanic ghettos, which are burning out not in Watts-style riots but in savage gang wars. The sprawling Los Angeles basin has some 700 gangs with more than 50,000 members, says police. Because there (near city hall) is so thoroughly picked over, more metropolitans are preying on wealthy white suburbs. Others blame the proliferation of handguns. Many in the Hollywood-Beverly Hills community are outraged at the advent of a gun club in their midst. Screenwriter Harry Wilson and director Norman Jewison, both members of the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, last week took out trade paper ads of their own. "Rather than spending your money learning to fire a gun," runs the headline, "why not use it to fire any elected official who would oppose ending handgun violence?"

—WILLIAM SCOBIE

CANADA

You can't get there from here

VIA Rail drops \$5 runs to drive another spike through the national dream

By David Folster

Twilight was gathering quickly in Via Rail's Montreal-based Atlantic Limited slipped into Montreal, N.B., one evening last week. Montreal is an old railway town whose evening glory is a stone station built in the early 1900s and the scene of lights glowing inside the old-fashioned waiting room, a few people chatting in the concourse by the metal-shaded lamps along the platform outside—was reminiscent of an old Norman Rockwell illustration. But the conversation was patently up-to-date. "This train right now is paying for itself," said conductor Freddie Green. "There's no damn way it isn't." Added another man, "It's just another Upper Canadian ripoff of the Maritime provinces."

Verdicts on these sentiments were being heard in many parts of Canada last week after the federal minister of transport, Jean-Luc Pepin, finally made official what had been rumored for weeks—that, in November, 15 of Via Rail's passenger trains will be stopped in their tracks and so others will have their schedules reduced. In addition to the Atlantic limited between Halifax and Montreal, the train to be dropped include one of two transatlantic runs west of Winnipeg (via Edmonton to Vancouver), daily service between Edmonton and Brampton, Alta., Regina and Prince Albert, Sask., and Montreal to Ottawa, and separate commuter trains running from Cleveland, Barrie and Bradford, Ont., into Toronto.



Samuelson MP David Glicker reaches Ottawa with family via VIA route cancelled

ports will save about \$180 million over the next three years, and Pepin said the money would be used to revitalize the VIA system, notably by investing in new light, light, rapid, comfortable trains. But critics were bitter about the charge, contributions, and some saw their own evidence that the transport department doesn't have the stomach to persevere with the five-year-old VIA experiment—despite the fact that last year VIA earned 40 per cent more passengers

than Canadian National and Canadian Pacific combined last in 1978. "I hope nobody ever reveals me in this way," sarcastically declared Nicholas Vincent, executive director of the public transportation lobby group, Transport 2000. "To be sure, some of the cancellations appeared more justified than others. On the semiregular "main-trunk" running between Winnipeg and Armstrong, in Northern Ontario, for example, ridership is so low that it costs

Angry commuters in Toronto: Pepin and Roberts announcing train cuts: the "vitch-up" bill added another \$13 million



Photo: Mike Lantz

travellers \$9.75 per passenger mile in subsidies (as opposed to nine cents on the Montreal-Toronto route). Papan explained the treatment: rental cars on the buses that those routes were losing \$108 million to \$170 million a year—nearly half the Via deficit. Via also claims to be losing \$1.5 million a year on the Prince Albert-Vancouver train because, at former Prime Albert's address, Les Gies, "nobody, used it." Despite efforts in the past year to promote the line, the railway has simply been beaten by a bus service that is faster, cheaper and more convenient. By contrast, however, Via did decide to improve or upgrade its Drummondville-to-Rimouski run—even though the competing bus trip takes more than twice as long. Drummondville station agent Keith Meise, a 16-year railway veteran, blames mismanagement and a shoddy budget for the train's failure. Last year, when the railway asked him to get the Drummondville train to run via Ash Bay, Meise says he was "too embarrassed" to make the request.

Some of Via's problems may be due to its continuing status as a dependent on a plan of government instead of an autonomous Crown corporation like Air



LRC train playing caboose to CN-CP?

Canada. That has constrained both its budgeting processes and its decision-making abilities. For example, for using rail beds, stations, equipment and other facilities belonging to CN and CP, Via receives 12 "cost-plus" bids a year from each of the two companies, followed by "catch-up" bids. Last year's catch-up bill from CP was about \$13 million. Says Via President Frank Roberts, conceding that "the cost system is an impossible situation." Ontario Liberal MP Keith Penner, who serves on the House standing committee on transport, charges

that in fact CN and CP are billing for equipment and materials that they must use themselves anyway. In 1980 Via paid the two railways \$356 million. The government, Penner asserts, is playing caboose to CN and CP's engine. "Let it do the right thing and take on the real railroads."

Whatever the reasons for Via's annual deficit, Papan decided to act quickly to hold it, on a broad, "moderate" level. So he cancelled or adjusted the routes without the usual round of Canadian Transport Commission hearings. That, too, angered suddenly deprived citizens and led to Papan's epis-

Hotdogging it as summer wears on

Reporters sticking out postal negotiations in a deadly corridor in one Ottawa highway have their own theories about why the current strike is dragging on into its second week rather than, they say, being prepared to settle. The union's 32,000 members appear to be quietly supportive of Canadian Union of Postal Workers' President Jean-Claude Furest who, as their chief negotiator, is conducting strike-line picketing like everyone else for as long as the struggle continues. As for the federal government, except for ritual blasts from the hard-pressed business community, public reaction has been muted, as if a weary acceptance is replacing the widespread anger previous postal strikes have aroused.

And there are even indications the businessmen's complaints are falling on unresponsive ears. Last week, Postmaster-General Andre Dussault said the postal strike couldn't be blamed for small-business bankruptcies. "I don't accept that businessmen have to rely on the post office to make a living," he said in Montreal. "If they do, they better find other ways."

Other government spokesmen—including Treasury Board President Dan Johnston—have indicated that the strike may well hurt all summer, and

last Thursday that seemed a very real possibility. An exhausted Judge Alan Gold, the mediator who has spent more than 130 hours with both sides since July 17, emerged from talks to declare "I have no more imaginative proposals at the present time. We have pretty well gone through the music to the extent that it is possible." There was a spark of hope Friday morning when word leaked out of a new government proposal for a one-year contract and the promise of broad new opportunities early next year when the post office is converted to a Crown corporation. However, that short-term contract—the subject of a flurry of last-minute negotiations—still falls short of the union's demands for improved holiday provisions and a one-day statutory holiday on Jan. 15.

Judge Gold, Penner and his negotiating team: business better find other ways



fringe benefits that could amount to \$4 million. Both sides admit the amount of money involved isn't large, as labor settlements go, but the government is afraid that if it gives in to the position all its employees will be asking for a holiday on Jan. 2 and for four weeks' vacation after five instead of 10 years. As both sides seemed at week's end to consider the latest offer—their first one beyond all union negotiations—started—optimism among the hard-pressed contractors pointed to one cheering sign on Friday afternoon, for the first time since talks started, both sides negotiated right through the lunch hour while one of the government's team went out to fetch baggage for his hard-working colleagues.

—SUSAN RILEY

thetical designation as a "detester." But in Via's Montreal headquarters, Roberts hoisted above some lower-rebels facts and gloom and declared that "this week's decision is the beginning of the future, not the beginning of the end." Roberts promises "a commitment" from Papan to produce an autonomous-yielding VIA Rail act, though he isn't sure when, and he is also thrilled with the minister's promise to provide it before over the next five years to buy new equipment. A lot of that money will be spent on LRC trains—10 units have already been ordered from Quebec's BILAC-Bombardier shops and one are being tested in the Quebec City-Windsor, QC corridor. More units will eventually be ordered for use in Western and Atlantic Canada too. Roberts even talks of the day when trains will speed from Montreal to Ottawa in an hour, to Toronto in just over 2½ hours—although a track option still seemed to slow freight travel makes that seem as always dream for some time yet.

Some Via employees are much less optimistic about its future—and not only the up-to-1,680 railway workers who may be affected by the cuts. "The number has systematically set out to destroy the credibility of via, rail," grumbled one well-styled Young-Turk at headquarters last week. This official believes the transport department is being heavily influenced by a strong bus lobby. Others blame Transport's mistakes, less after with air (and the department's reputation as the "ministry of aviation") for some of Via's problems.

Across the country last week, a great half of justice issued from Papan's announcement. In Edmonton, the president of the local chapter of the Canadian Union of Workers' warned that the cuts would begin a western alienation. Stuart John, N.R. Mayor Robert Lochhart, meanwhile, had plans to lead a Maritime delegation to Ottawa. And in Toronto, 300 commuters showed up at Union Station to demonstrate and chant "Save our trains." More than any other public transport mode, rail travel is obviously still taken as a personal right by many Canadians, and any curtailment is not easily considered—especially by the bartenders, tappers and off-duty Indians who use Northern Ontario's one-coach, one-baggage-car mini-train now by the Atlantic Limited's passengers and the folk who stood on the platform in McKinnon last week. Conductor Green, reflecting the feelings of many across the country about the preferential rail cellations, declared "They only put this train on two years ago. Why didn't they give it a haul?"

VIA also flew Jim Anderson, Anne Byrne and Peter Bleier.



Pretty Sangita is a realistic child. She knows she is poor, she knows hunger and pain. Sangita's head that life can be better, that in some countries children don't have to work, in some places every child goes to school. But after seven years of life in a scumming third world slum, Sangita is too realistic to hope that her life could improve. Poverty has taken her childhood dreams, condemning her to hopelessness and despair. Could you live in a world of slums that look so one-eyed about?

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Pushkin factory ship buying fish off
Lehndor. (Bottom) and (bottom) P.E.I.
fishermen selling at sea. a photo

contract governing so-called "over-the-side" (boat-to-boat) sales in the Bevers this summer. The Bevers claim they weren't getting the minimum amount of mackerel called for in the agreement.⁴ The 199 says they were, and counter-suits have been threatened on both sides, and the matter may mean the end of a program (but, just a few months ago, seemed to be a loss to Maritime fishermen. It had promised a market for such species as mackerel—unpopular on the domestic market—but it turned out to be just another of the false promises that have left the East Coast fishing industry in its most perilous state since the federal government imposed the controversial 200-mile fishing limit in 1977.

If there is one thing that everyone involved in the industry—whether as fishermen, processor or government regulator—agrees on, it is that the optimism generated by that declaration about potential foreign markets brought too many people into the business. Billard says there are "far too many" people trying to make a profit out of fish and, in more bureaucratic prose, the federal government's discussion paper this past June on Atlantic Fisheries policy, in the 1980s makes the same point. Ken Campbell, president of the Fisheries Control of Canada, representing processors, says that "over the next five or six years the main problem is going to be markets," which have been hit by high interest rates and economic recession in Western Europe and the United States. And there are even longer-term worries. In the U.S., Canada's largest market, production from Alaska and the East Coast is up and consumption has levelled off. In Western Europe, though Canada's 200-mile limit meant a decline in the catch by European vessels, there has been a stiffening of Common Market trade

⁴Black calls for 22 tonnes a day for seven days, worth a total of \$12.50.



harvest and concern about high quality standards demanded by discerning European consumers. The same difficulties have been mentioned in the Japanese market, which alternates with Western Europe as the second most important buyer of Canadian fish. As the two seasons opened in P.E.I. waters last

month, fishermen were warned they must improve quality to keep their share of the yen.

Some experts think the protectionist Third World should provide a market for all the fish Atlantic Canadians can catch, but Campbell says those countries "just don't have the money to pay our prices." To compete in the Third World market, says Billard, Canadian fishermen will have to become as cost-efficient as the Scandinavian and Portuguese fleets. But he adds that the real target for marketing campaigns should be Canada itself. With an annual consumption of just 6 lb of fish per capita, "Canadians eat relatively little fish."

"We've got to learn from Cansco and go after the young," Billard says. But are the fish there to be caught? This is an area where there is little agreement between government scientists and the industry. This spring, fisheries biologists suddenly announced that their earlier estimates of herring stocks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence had been much too high, and they all but closed the spring season entirely. They now are allowing a total catch by inshore and seaway fishermen of 15,000 tonnes for the late-summer season. Paced with reduced production levels, that means no one in the industry can make money, and some scientists feel that even the herring season should be closed down at least until next year. Billard, a former federal fisheries officer, biologist, says, "The scientists don't know who's there. They can tell us that fish have heads and tails, but then they swim around and you can't count them." Paced with such a sense of economic pessimism and uncalculated optimism about their basic resource, the Atlantic fishing industry is in for a severe shake-up and it is likely to be the mid-1980s before it can be said with any confidence whether the glowing promise of the 200-mile limit will ever be fulfilled. —KENNETH WILSON



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A relay away from victory

By Andy Shaw

The move was supposed to decide whether Canada or the United States would win the "Cold War" Union could sell itself "hard" best in the world, behind the perennial strong United States and East Germany. Instead, the supposed alliance of last week's three-day race, West Germany won away with a laurel wreath to last Canada by points to 800. The strongest and weakest Soviets, who had been the first to score a low 107. The 36 Canadian swimmers had lost 127. The 36 Canadian swimmers had come up slow in the women's freestyle and the relay where West German swimmers were off the races. Yet for Canadian swimmers officials there was more than mere consolation. Their swimmers set two Canadian ton Command swimmer and the swimming world was the first ever to see a Canadian swimmer in the world.

On the second day (Wednesday) Bannan showed up the world record in the 300-metre individual pursuit (1:50—better, individual, breaststroke and freestyle). He had already won the 400 of on the first day. The 800 m seemed to be any other of the 16 men a surprise, but Bannan was a surprise. No one knew this was it—a planned assault on American Bill Burrey's world record, an assault that had been years in the making. For one of them, Jens Jørgen, Bannan's club coach in Seattle, it was the culmination of eight years of training. For the other, the Prague-born Alex was a new voice for it. It is Jørgen's more than anyone that who has kept up Bannan's enthusiasm through 14-hour-a-day workouts, lifted him over the trauma of losing a much-loved older brother and most recently, in 1990, his Canadian citizenship rights.



Canada finished second despite Alex Baumann's world record swim

suggesting Baumann wasn't giving his best. "Joe solves all my problems," says a close Baumann

If Bauman has anything close to a problem in swimming, it is his butterfly. By the end of his 50 metres of butterfly in Heidelberg, Bauman made the turn in the middle of a peak that suited Aleksandr Nikolov of the Soviet Union, faster 800-100 mms in the world this year. But then with head held characteristically dead still, and all else churning, Bauman's backstroke gave him a lead by that head as he made the turn for the breaststroke. It was as if

stroke light. His landing was fast, too, each frame giving him a long, sustaining surge on the frog kick. Baumann shot into a four-length lead and held it as he sprinted home the final 50 metres of freestyle. His time was 2:02.76, bettering the old mark by nearly half a second—in swimming terms, a country mile.

Then there was a long-awaited confrontation. Peter Soudki, a Putnam, Conn., native but longtime Edmontonian swimmer who had set a world record in the 400-metre freestyle last summer, was to meet the Soviet, Vladimir Salnikov, who had won a gold in the 400-metre freestyle competition in Moscow. Salnikov had posted the fastest time this year but Soudki beat him

The Canadian coaches say future teams need shoring up in two spots: "We only took one race in the women's freestyle," said head coach Dave Johnson, signalling that the long line of good female swimmers may be at an end. "And the relay is an age-old problem." Canada needed to win the final event, the 800-metre men's freestyle relay, to protect a two-point lead. But not even a leadoff by Baumgartner helped. West Germany won by several lengths.

"I'm going to take the next two months off," said Beaumont, who hopes a transfused-trobled shoulder will heal. Then, Chicago says, "Alex will not be looking at any immediate goals, just a gradual development towards the medal at the 1984 Olympics." The day after his record performance Beaumont said "It is hard to believe I really did it." Indiana University's "Doc" Coatesman probably isn't surprised. The retired coach who developed Mark Spitz has said of Beaumont, "He is now the brightest all-around prospect in swim-

overlaid with serious rules (the referees of free agency rightfully) for the days they were on strike and they dropped their claims that the owners did not bargain in good faith. The hole agreement and personal deal between players and owners are intended for another year and the minimum salary is to be raised from \$25,000 to \$40,000. A second "mini-season" will start Aug. 10 after the postponed all-star game the previous night. Fans will be expected to begin excitement over a dramatically shortened season and a game that has lost its last vestige of romance.



WOLFE calls Robert Galois: Shows *Expos* right? Just as entertaining

People were lining up to buy wildlife artist **Robert Bateman's** paintings long before he was even nominated by the Government's official office to graduate Canada's General's wedding gift—an art of a family of loons—to **Prince Charles**. Now commanding as much as \$22,000 a work, Bateman, 51, last week sold his best work, a painting of a loon with its beak open, for \$10,000. In the 20 years since he took his top selling price was \$200 and the "didn't think anyone in his right mind would pay that kind of money for one of my paintings." Prices may be even higher after a collection of about 50 of his works goes on display for the first time at the National Museum of Natural Sciences in Ottawa this September. Coinciding with the exhibit is the publication of a book of the artist's work with a special collector's edition of 1000.

"I've never been happier or felt better physically," says Richard Biscraft, the 30-year-old Ontario native who stopped riding on schedule in his second year last week on a cross-Canada marathon to raise public awareness of multiple sclerosis. Since May 8, when he started in Victoria, the 5-foot-6, 125-lb, 33-year-old has been clocking 55-60 a day and swelling the total to 1,000 miles. "I don't know how long it will take, but I know I can do it," he says. "I hope to finish in 100 days." Biscraft says he developed the most common disease of the central nervous system in his early 30s. "The irresponsible Biscrafts claim that they're not real handicapped are those who do not use their full potential." Ironically, a lack of funds may be the only culprit to keep him from riding faster. "I'm from Fries Township," he welcomed Biscraft doesn't know where the nearest

ship is complete has truly is coming from. "But I still plan to arrive in St. John's Nfld., on Aug. 22," he vows. "I'll sell the shirt off my back before I give up."

Robert G. Neumann, the county U.S. marshal based in South Arden, who was slated to resign last week for irregularities toward his boss, Secretary of State Alexander Haig, had been bed-mourning Haig's pro-Israeli policies all over Capitol Hill, according to state department sources. But the line that threw the boss into a fiery fury came in a telephone conversation with Sen. Charles Percy, the powerful chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee. Neumann told Percy that he had just seen Haig on television talking about the volatile Middle East situation and that Haig's performance "nearly made me throw up." Unfortunately for the sen-



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After his solo attendance at a royal wedding, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau gathered his family and friends to watch the event with their mother, Margaret, from London's Canada House—and whisked them all to Africa for a 13-day business-holiday excursion in Morocco, Kenya and Tanzania. Apparently, the trip led to a proposed September visit to Asia and the South Pacific while en route to Australia: are part of his efforts to support United Nations talks on a new deal between rich and poor countries. But speculation continues to brew that the Prime Minister's absence for election in 1982 is but only a prelude to a more substantial agreement with newly appointed U.S. Ambassador **Gilbert M. Harbo** as his overseas chairman.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS



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Anger in the heartland

Strikes at two of Canada's Big Three steel companies add more economic woe

By Art Moses

The response of labor to record-high inflation and interest rates came last week in the form of anger echoing through Ontario football stadiums and arenas at union rallies in Hamilton and Sault Ste. Marie as more than half of Canada's steel industry walked out as strike. The strike vote by more than 25,000 members of the United Steelworkers of America—a record-high 98 per cent in the Sault and 90.4 per cent in Hamilton—shut down the huge plants of Algoma Steel Corp.



Steelworkers' Taylor, picketing Algoma workers (right) picket strike union rally at Hamilton stadium (above left) R.C. woodworkers picket line ceremony and name-calling

and the larger operations of Stelco Inc. in southern Ontario, which had been models of labor stability in the 1970s, with no strikes recorded since the last 76-day walkout in 1969. Even a last-minute agreement reached between Algoma and local union negotiators in the Sault came too late to block the pickets, and there was no guarantee the union leadership could sell the pact to an increasingly restive membership.

The climax to a week that saw interest rates wage upward to a record high prime of 21.75 per cent and the Canadian dollar slide to a low of 80-85 cents against the U.S. dollar, the steel strike adds a new dark dimension to Canadian labor unrest. With four major strikes currently under way across Canada, together contributing more than 500,000 man-days lost each week and another 357,000 suspended workers with contracts expiring before year-end, the summer of labor unrest will almost certainly establish 1981 as the new benchmark in Canada's already tumultuous strike record, easily surpassing the previous high established in 1976 when

11.6 million man-days were lost.

Such measurements are of little interest to the angered union members manning the picket lines. Hugh Leves, for example, a 20-year Stelco veteran, says the company's contract offer was "an insult" to workers who had helped make Stelco and Algoma the most profitable and efficient steel producers in the Western world. "We used to be amongst the highest paid workers in Hamilton. The companies are just rife off strike. And you can't afford to retire on the pensions they pay."

In the company's defense, Stelco Chairman Peter Gordon and several other senior officers took to the airwaves with paid announcements last week as the vote drew near, arguing that their offer was "fair, generous and realistic." They estimated the pact would add \$206 million to the company's wage costs by August, 1984, more than three times company profits. The union counters by pointing out that the 1976 contract—the average Stelco employee \$1.18 an hour poorer in real wages owing to inflation, while steel

company profits have risen sharply. According to union leader Bob Taylor, who leads the 15,000-member Steelworkers' Local 2200 in Hamilton, Stelco is so self-conscious about its budget balance sheet that it withheld its second-quarter results until after the strike vote.

For the 43-year-old Taylor, the strike is a watershed in his 20-year effort to prod the Hamilton work force toward a more militant direction. Unsubstantiated and heated wage demands are certain to have a counterbalancing effect upon attempts by the federal government to reduce inflation by slowing down demand for money and "cooling" the economy. Although the postal strike is based largely on union demands for fringe benefits, especially maternity leave (see page 26), the bulk of striking employees are demanding higher wages—B.C. forest workers are seeking a 32 per cent increase over two years or their average \$11.55-an-hour wage, while Ontario steelworkers are asking for 30 per cent, which would give them about \$15.55 an hour at the end of a two-year contract.

A long shutdown in the steel industry could have a serious effect on domestic steel users who rely on Canadian-made steel for more than 40 per cent of their needs. Even though automated DuPont, the second largest Canadian steel manufacturer, will increase production while the Stelco strike goes on, many users may have to seek U.S. or other foreign supplies when inventories run out. Added to all the other grim economic indicators plaguing the country, last Friday's strike vote in the steel industry adds another dark spot to the mounting spectacle of Canadian economic distress.

With News from David Coates

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Underdogs are not always losers

Straight-speaking Laura Sabia just might turn a trend

By Barbara Arriol

In case there isn't a herald goose called *paragon*, the fates are making sure that I do some hard time now by having me live in one of the most interesting in Canada. My Toronto riding, for example, briefly fielded the infamous George Blaisie in provincial and municipal elections. I'd know, I listen to all, not because Mr. Blaisie is a homosexual activist—though that scarcely seems an excuse—

but because he seemed to regard this as a sufficient program to take to the voters. He lost, but our riding elected Mr. Susan Pink, an attractive lady and an enthusiastic member of the committee studying the vital question of whether to spy and terror the city's gay population. Now our riding has been selected for the new between Mr. Trudeau's personal confidant, Jim Cowie, and the Progressive Conservative's Laura Sabia. Once again we voters in Spadina have the eyes of the nation upon us.

Even though it is the enigmatic figure of Mr. Cowie that has so far dominated the campaign, it is Laura Sabia who gives me hope that at last our riding will become progressive in the best sense of the word. My affection for Sabia, however, is not based on the assignment of her reproductive organs or her stand on abortions (allow them, sent off, postal stamps (find out there, sent off), the constitution (replicate it and give them Trudeau an exchange)).

When I lived in new-city St. Catharines, Ont., Laura Sabia lived in the house on top of the hill. The afternoon was streaked her scarlet and palest blue baphana and Suroak carpets, bounced off the dark polished wood of the grand piano. She was president of the Canadian Federation of University Women and her afternoon tea were social sacraments at which the bluest lips in St. Catharines would sip. Portmanteau and Mousse loaves from Royal Crown Derby china. We were gawky teenagers, classmates of her daughter, straightjacketed in the personifications of

the 1950s. December magazine, saddle shoes, a dark and foolish shame of parents who didn't speak English, who washed at fruit peckers at an Blakelindes. Still, Laura would come in all up to her home and for the few of us who had never balanced home-china dishes on our laps, it was something more than a glimpse of smart-est rituals in the province. We sensed, dimly, that in her enthusiasm to share, Laura was inviting us to look at another world—a world of culture, achievement,

single strand of graduated tones. Worse, she was involved, and not simply in the Catholic Junior League of Montreal. Richard was her bedtime reading; she ran in elections, she won, she lost, she ran again. She cared about basic women's issues, she had the 50s before movement became a fashionable industry. The type of women who are people with all the clichés of feminism would then have been embarrassed at her presence. But by the 70s—still a fighter for breast-and-bustier women's lib—the spoke-out against the hidden special privileges for women (job quotas and 37 weeks of fully paid maternity leave) and the powerful starboard whorled that time has passed her by. She wanted increasingly about her Canada—democratic official in and multiculturalism in her first language (Haitian), her second language (French) and her impeccable English. I cheered, while the pressure groups of the day regarded her with that special affection reserved for United Empire Loyalists and other discredited spouses.

When the election in Spadina was called, many people spoke of the campaign of Pierre Elliott Trudeau in looking the spring 40-year-old Mr. Peter Bradley into the Senate as Canada could run. However, as this one occasion Trudeau showed not cynicism but an understanding of the democratic process in which one must face not only the back room but the ball in front. And you can't win you have a chance of winning—there else.

Of course Sabia is an underdog. Her dreadful habit of speaking the truth as she sees it—against intensive government, enforced bilingualism, useless constitutional debates and expensive economic policies in the name of a fraudulent environmentalism—was considered political suicide. But underdogs are not necessarily losers and we trendy voters of Spadina should not be written off. Trudeau can as easily strangle itself to the right thought as the wrong one. And the things Laura Sabia stands for are right—she's right—though this trendy Montrealer's columnist says so.



Blind leading the blind

A hatchery accident ruins the hackles of B.C. fishermen

By Malcolm Gray

It was a bad job, one that the troubled West Coast salmon fishery didn't need—the news this spring that a venerable fish hatchery program had turned out 2.4 million blind and partially sighted salmon. As the Chinook, coho, pink and chum were released to bump their way downstream to certain death, only much for predators they couldn't see, criticism of the 500-million federal-provincial program seemed to spin. Budgetary cuts caused the disaster at four Vancouver Island hatcheries: the fish were given food high in ash causing a size deficiency and, eventually, loss of sight. The losses cost only the loss of 50,000 fish that would otherwise have survived to reach dinner tables, but yet another reason for fishermen to feel vulnerable.

With four million young salmon blinded by the same food in Washington state hatcheries, the incident was another setback for dwindling fish stocks. Mid-ocean predators, growing commercial fleets and overfishing of Chinook (the favorite of sports fishermen) have caused severe declines in spotted fish populations from West Coast fisheries. Big hopes for restoring the species were revived in 1977 with the federal

government's salmonid enhancement program, designed to produce an extra 25,000 tonnes of salmon each year when all the land-based hatcheries were built. So far only 10 per cent of the total B.C. salmonids originate from hatcheries. If the scheme succeeds in expanding this percentage, federal fisheries plan something similar on the West Coast, where seed fish is taking its toll. But now the signs of the B.C. coast are swamped with a new law of 50,000 tonnes caught last year.

Not surprisingly, fishermen themselves, hurt by the salmon famine, are among the most vocal opponents. Observing the imbalance between fishing fleets' increasing proficiency and declining numbers of fish, George Leacock, secretary-treasurer of the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union in Vancouver, takes a strong anti-hatchery line. "The federal government should [instead] be concentrating on cleaning up the rivers, the salmon habitat—going after industrial pollution and getting rid of log jams," Hewson believes that wild salmon are stronger and less likely to succumb to disease than the young fish raised in the shelter of hatchery's crowded conditions. He could point to the small but persistent problem with farmed salmon—

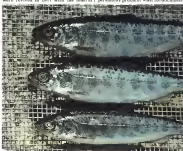
a bacterial disease that kills between 500 and 2,000 fish each year in the Broughton River, flowing between New Brunswick and Quebec. Broughton before the disease was introduced to the river by a sickly fish living in such crowded conditions.

The blind salmon episode has implications that reach beyond a faulty diet, according to Howard English, an adviser to the B.C. enhancement program. It suggests that there is a substantial homogeneity in the artificially raised fish—the more alike they grow, the greater the chances of breeding out genetic traits of resilience. English contends that it's an over-simplification to think that this will contribute to the decline in salmon. "Commercial fishermen, he says, must also alter their fishing habits to avoid fishing wild stocks—found mainly in estuaries where they fish. They might visit hatchery fish instead they should fish well into the mouths of hatchery-dominated rivers for tagged hatchery-bred fish. Such a suggestion carries little appeal to a fisherman who prefers consistently sizeable younger fish that yield for the spawning grounds.

Faced with such criticism, Dave Barrett, a biologist at Qualicum Hatchery on Vancouver Island where thousands of Chinook are spawned, cautions that, at best, English's claim that instant results from the program are biologically impossible. "Treasury Board has difficulty understanding the life cycle of salmon. They think we should be in our knees in full cry now, but the returns are only starting to come in."

An different interest groups argue about a sentence resource that spans over international borders and post borders and tells a Vancouver scientist is working quietly on a new improvement for salmon farms (which raise the fish to sell directly to markets). Arrey Marlowe is attempting to eliminate the expense of feeding taken by raising the fish on a barley-based diet. However, in a salt-water tank, his new "total plankton accumulator" would allow fish to feed exclusively on plankton organisms floating through the water. If commercial fish take to the potentially lower price, Marlowe's invention could revolutionize the industry. Fishermen will also have to adjust. Says New Brunswick biologist and fish farmer Art MacKay: "Fish biologically are a creature of whether you want to be a hunter or a farmer."

Yet for all the experiments currently under way and the efforts of a Royal commission now studying B.C.'s troubled fisheries, the individual fisherman still feels set adrift. Says Leonard Wilson, who fishes salmon in Strait of Juan de Fuca: "All you need is one night of ill will in a fish farm and you lose the whole works." □



Blinded Chinook: normal fish (top), partially sighted (center), blind (bottom)

A vision for all seasons

Saskatoon is aiming to become a prairie Tivoli Gardens



By Bruce Gates

On paper it's a lovely utopian plan. A walled water garden, reminiscent of 19th-century London's Crystal Palace, rises from the river edge, linked to a network of all-weather promenades, local parks, taverns and gardens. Framing the scene are about 10 km of parkland that has the looks of the South Saskatchewan River. Ski and snowmobile trails, recreational areas and archaeological digs fit snugly in Saskatoon's vision of a city transformed over the next 100 years, into a prairie Tivoli Gardens, tailored to a climate where summer is barely two months' warm from snowmelt. Winter? Snow falls year-round here, but grading topped for the first phase of the plan—a \$2-million park to stretch along 280 acres of riverbank just north of the city. Although some of the planners' other dreams are considerably further from completion, Saskatoon enthusiastically dubs the scheme *Museums, the One word for "happy meeting place."*

The city's aspirations began modestly enough in 1975 as a plan to control growth—Saskatoon's present population of 150,000 will almost double by the year 2000—and ended up four years and \$200,000 later as a slick report. Directing the study was Toronto architect Raymond Murray, chosen to shape Saskatoon's future development patterns "because he seemed to grasp the dream immediately," says Mayor Clifford Wright. After six months' study, Murray and staff penciled in a



Saskatoon for winter gardeners: Tivoli Gardens will be a water garden, not a dry one.

scheme that had city fathers agree they had wrapped the city with a ribbon, provided of parks and recreation areas and created a lively riverfront for the downtown. The scenic undertaking was to be directed by the Museum Valley Authority (MVA), with powers ranging from conservation to development. Once established, the area joined the province, city, University of Saskatchewan and rural municipality of Corns Park. The resulting body, says project co-ordinator George Heston, has no precedent in size or scope.

Although no one questioned the MVA's right to protect the city's riverfront from developers' bulldozers, a number of Corns Park landowners

were none in a swirl over land control powers outside the city. Livestock farmer Carol Teasdale, owner of the rural municipality, still fumes at the thought of having over 100,000 acres of land in "Corn's land district, which includes the city and the surrounding area." Heating their grievances into words, the opponents took to the streets for 18 bitter months until boundaries were pushed back and land-control laws revised. Corns Park, which holds about 75 per cent of Muskwa lands, pulled out of the plan in a huff last May.

But problems aimed at the city haven't stopped the assembly of land near Saskatoon's riverfront for the \$20-million, all-weather, "north downtown plan." City officials believe the project will draw business to office buildings and pedestrians to a bustling downtown—even when January gusts and temperatures drop below minus 40°C. With its wide streets serving as perfect wind tunnels, the present city centre is ducting in winter. By contrast, Murray's scheme centres Saskatoon's new as a water oasis where buildings are kept low and stepped back from the streets to let the sun's rays penetrate to street level. While work has yet to begin, city officials predict the first phase will be in place within the next five years. Already Assistant City Planning Officer Graham Heston, among others, is pressing for a bus mall to provide a weather-proof, pedestrian's paradise beyond bus shelters, covered sidewalks and windbreaks of evergreens and flowering shrubs. All-weather linkages, glass-covered water gardens and a more compact downtown core, he has explained, "are the key to making Saskatoon a more livable winter city."

That goal is not easy to achieve. As Heston notes, enclosed walkways and indoor gardens make Muskwa, Heston, an inspiration for planners adapting their ideas to winter. With their glass roofs and greenery, Calgary's Devonian Gardens and Toronto's Eaton Centre reflect climate-consciousness on a smaller scale. Proponents of well-defined winter drives (defined as those having average January temperatures below freezing) prescribe evergreens for chilly streets and warm coats for berberians. Surely, however, has the kind of thinking inspired a plan as ambitious as Murray's.

The plan is still evolving under the MVA's direction. As Murray's report cautions, "The indefinable master plan is... a chance that defies the facts of nature and change." Given Muskwa's traditional history so far, there's a trace of unintended irony here. But Heston, for one, is optimistic. Says he, "We're never going to get anywhere if we don't try."

FASHION

A penchant for shorts

The days of scruffy cutoffs are waning. With this year's trend to flatter parts of all shapes and sizes, shorts and tops have emerged as a new sensibility. A recent theatre gala in Vancouver saw women's outfits evenly divided between cocktail dresses and evening shorts—from thigh-high patterned silks to knee-deep flowing cotton. Although singer Jackie Bismuth (Bismuth's sister) was turned away from Montreal's sold Chinese restaurant, Rob's Place, because her shorts were deemed inappropriate attire, other women have taken the style of the beachfront and into the office.

At a time when the impractical print is re-emerging, women have found they can be sophisticated during, yet housewife and comfortable in shorts. Mary Ambrose, who works for *Mac* as the *Forty Twenty*, is hooked on the cotton pair she bought in California. Mid-thigh in length, with small pleats and side pockets, they come with matching shorts. She can roll up the legs, and fears wearing them with knee socks or panty hose and high heels. "I wear them to work. I wear them to parties. I wear them to bed. I can wear them anywhere. I love them."

Interest in shorts as a hot last season's hot weather prospect has only just begun to peak. "It takes Canadian two months just to realize it's warm," says Kris Bibo-Andersson, who owns Harkiss & Co. clothing boutique on Toronto's Queen Street West. Her sweet-garden shorts are not from light-weight cotton, gathered at the waist and legs. She plans to stock a line to wear this fall, when leg warmers can be

Shirts at 100-wash shorts (right)



denied for added covering. "Most women over 21 are self-conscious about their legs. In layered fall clothes, they feel less vulnerable."

In the wake of rapid summer shorts sales (Toronto retailer Robin Kay-Rothberg says she has sold more than 500 pairs of suede walking shorts at \$190 apiece), retailers and designers across Canada are gearing for the fall onslaught. Editor's in Montreal is now displaying offbeat grey flannel Bermudas, and Vancouver designer Cyndy War is selling tailored silk and wool walking shorts. *Canadian Mail*: "You

can't put these shorts on without thinking the way you put on jeans. Women should think of shorts exactly as they would a skirt." In fact, women who do choose shorts for office wear are dressing them up with chunky belts or cummerbunds, gold jewelry, silk blouses and patterned stockings.

"You can be really well dressed in shorts," confesses Marie Craig, who has been working at the Secretary of State's office in Ottawa. "Even the men here are in on the trend. The shorts match the jacket and they wear knee socks. Quite proper, really." —FRANCINE URBANI

Arresting the suicide cycle

Support groups are helping the other victims of suicide contend with their bereavement



By Penelope Jahn

"I know she'd do it," a 30-year-old librarian remembers thinking when a long-distance call informed her of her mother's suicide. Several previous attempts had earned the 52-year-old that left her an orphan at 20. "I didn't give a wet bang and in 10 days I'd cleaned up her life." Three months later, the bereaved daughter cried for the first time and didn't stop for almost 10 years. Only then—after drug and alcohol binges, conversations for psychiatric care and several suicide attempts of her own—could she accept the fact that her mother had chosen to die. "Before that, I was nothing but a living corpse."

Mental health professionals have long recognized that a suicide is possibly the most difficult of all bereavements. Mourning the loss of a loved one by natural or accidental means has been described as a sequence. First shock, then acceptance, the changes to anger at the abandonment, and finally future goals made in reaction to the death. By contrast, survivors of a suicide get "stuck," as counselors explain, in the earliest stage. Obsessed with the cause of death, they look for clues to their own responsibility. Although staid data in recent years indicate that suicidal survivors are a high-risk group for

"want to live," as one participant says, "with the reassurance of absence." They will also be challenging a long-entrenched stigma. Although a suicide attempt is no longer a criminal offense, the shame still torments survivors. As one man puts it, "Nobody refers to me as a widower, but as the guy whose wife killed herself."

The Toronto group signals an idea whose time has come. Last month the Greater Vancouver Mental Health Service planned a similar service developed by suicide attempt counselors Linda Rosenfield and Marilynne Propp.

Barb Solomon, provincial sociologist for the Alberta government (the only part of its kind in Canada), began a group for Edmonton survivors in September. And in Peterborough, Ont., private-care counselor Barbara Mellett is arranging an open meeting for survivors and concerned professionals to take place in October. Interestingly, the prime indicator of a need comes not the callous as the 24-hour crisis lines, but the people who volunteered to run the phone. Says Mellett: "At least one or two in every training program seem to be a survivor."

Overwhelmed by pain, survivors tend to be generous. "It's sometimes difficult for them to go out. But we are eager to come to them," explains her Director Karen Leachy of the night sessions. That a team of two, one a survivor, spends with the bereaved family. One team member provides empathy, the other assurance that the suicide world can understand. This delicate balance,

the product of two years' consultation between the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry and the suicide-based Distress Centre Inc., aims to avoid the flaws of the first self-help groups in the U.S., which oversimplified the deed. One such group published a newsletter containing terms about suicide six years before "We don't want people to become professional survivors," insists Leachy.

The 501's approach focuses on family relationships, which can deteriorate after a suicide. Leachy recounts a typical story when her daughter died, one 45-year-old working mother found herself made the scapegoat by the other family members. The incident ended even the way they eat, during sessions telegraphed enthusiasm—until, at the end of eight weeks, they could sit beside her and laugh her.

Anita Riet, one of 501's founding volunteers, has helped many bereaved parents, whom she describes as "normal people who have often worried desperately, hard, really knocked themselves out for their kids, but they tend to cry this after the death. Our work seemed to surface that feeling." Yet while survivor groups have proven effective in restoring the "I only had a grief of parents, organizers admit that young children of suicides have special problems that leave counselors stymied. All too frequently, it's the children who find the body. Almost on auto, telling a child the truth about death's death comes parents. Typically, the widowed parent first offers a supposedly comforting fiction, then becomes afraid to avoid the need for elaborate deception. Meanwhile, explains Marilynne Propp, "the parent feels that everyone knows and is terrified that someone will tell his child."

Puzzling the family piece back together is like closing a wound. Offers the lead speaker of mourning tales a conference for in Karen Leachy's can't wait. One 32-year-old secretary turned to the 501 more than a year after her husband's death, when she finally confronted the fact that the new man in his life had the same drug and alcohol problems as her dead spouse. After he killed himself she lost her life's belongings. But as her last therapy session she met her tears at the door with all of his possessions packed in boxes, which the three of them stepped off with the bereaved Army.

Some survivors living the recovery process find little the 501 encourages its graduates to volunteer as counselors, providing that at least two years have passed since the suicide. Says the librarian, now a team member:

"Working in this program is the last stage of my bereavement. I'm proud that suicide can be survived." □

BOOKS

A civilized pursuit of the ghost of sanity

THE KING'S BIVIL

By David Shields
(Oxford UP, \$15.95 hard cover,
\$7.95 softcover)

Journalism has become the retiring edge of language. Even Martin Scorsese has been schooled by this, as many of them swing to speeder, some straitjacketed as well. Against this background, Kingston novelist and poet David Hilwig has always been something of an anomaly. Backing off trends he has persisted in unearthing and publishing his memories of a time he speaks acutely mannered. He is also a humanist who endures sensational violence and melodrama, cultivating a tone of calm much as the very model of a civilized voice.

The bewildered hero of his latest novel, *The King's Bivil*, shares his creator's tastes. Dross is a 19th-century preacher who is beset by an unscrupulous target for the "New Man" in a magazine which emphasizes on high return and sleek, American-style pragmatism. He and the Dross's quest focus on his history, philosophy and dreams. Worst, his lover—who had an off with the leader of the New Man—dies of cancer, leaving Dross desperate, his mental health crumbling. He takes an extended tour of America from the west coast, and for most of the novel pursues the spectral ghost of his own sanity.

It proves an elusive ghost. The death of his lover has "taken his facts away." And as Dross himself writes in his dispiriting "concluding chapter on the difference between what is and what is not. Otherwise we would be at one among us." Fact is the one defense against adaptation.

The novel becomes something of a soliloquy's soliloquy, for the reader is largely confined to the rants that inhabit at Dross's skull. But his lover really love him, or was she always behind him, most precious gift back in the hope of meeting an ideal man? Dross is his and shared with an unforgotten pain, while his soul has a "mighty tale a real of iron." Shall wonder the man within. This is a novel not just of isolation, but of discovery. For even as not so much experienced as Hilwig through previous layers of sensory and thought. Luckily, Dross has interesting thoughts, some of his observations achieve the purpose of epigram: "The

often, in fact, he seems not real at all, but a talented, scholarly intelligence enjoying the pleasures of madness, trying them on like masks."

Meanwhile, his search for wholeness finds a focus outside himself. While home-sitting in Niagara on the Lake, Ont., he finds an old copy of *Elbow* magazine, a reviewer of Charles J. English Charles makes an ideal hero for Dross, for wasn't the madness brought by the grey velvet hen. Most of his own days, Scorsese's *Parade*. Dross goes on to embrace the theory that Charles was not just belated, as history claims, but escaped to North America while his



Hilwig, seeking literary sanity

piece at the book was taken by a disengaged reporter. He follows the negligible evidence with a madman's fervor through archives in Canada and the United States and finally arrives in England, where he gains access to the private library of Lord Fifelessee, a descendant of the man Dross believes helped Charles escape. The final scenes where Dross interviews the dying man, hoping to cure the family secret from him, are beautifully realized. Dross eventually gets his secret, and while it is not the one he hoped for, it proves far more valuable in his search for himself. Consider this gem: "I think this is an autobiography, and that is not a bad word. It is a confession of my own mind. It is constantly helping the crafted simplicity of its sentences. It is at once as many as the psychology of human



Leachy: teaching survivors how to live with the presence of absence

wholeness, a distaste against deluded artists standing by and a reminder that love is both a healer and destroyer. It is not without its faults: the dream sequences are boring, the symbolism sometimes sticks a little too heavily and the ending is overly neat. But it is Hume's book, a convincing fusion of high emotion and intelligence that only a New Man can't fail to enjoy.

—JOHN THOMSON

Back in the shadows again

SHADOW MAN
THE LIFE OF DOROTHY HANNETT
by Richard Layman
Goodman Press, \$19.95

There couldn't be a better title for a biography of Dorothy Hannett than *Shadow Man*—a score telling us, a former *Playboy* sexist, Hannett paraded his shadowy appearance as peppy pulp magazine before taking the hard-boiled style of detective fiction to a new level with his books. Works such as *The Maltese Falcon*, *Red Harvest* and *The Glass Key* dealt with the underside of life that the detective genre had previously ignored. Packed with personalities that reflected more about character than gratuitous narrative action, they turned the shadow concept into style. Sam Spade



Hannett's first addition, hard-boiled

and *Big Boy* (Hushpuppy) of *Falcon* were antithetical. Hannett, shadow novelist, people who observed themselves and deluded everybody else to survive in the urban jungle. Long, lanky Hannett looked like a shadow himself, a chronic respiratory illness intermittently plagued him, and a legendary loss of liquor took one of his eyes from the red shadow was and is the character of Hannett, and remains as is Richard Layman's biography.

At the outset Layman takes a wrong turn by assuming that he will deal only with the facts, and refuses to speculate further. This, in better circumstances, can be an admirable strategy for a biography. Unfortunately, the circumstances here aren't fortunate. Little is known about Hannett except what is kept in the memory of his longtime companion Lillian Hellman, who refused to co-operate with Layman on the book. Left with dates, figures, a few quotes and anecdotes, Layman can only lay them out, entirely on the flat surfaces of his prose. One does question whether the biographer and novelist of friends are any more valid than speculation supported by fact. As Hellman so extremely pointed out in *Testimony*, memory is unreliable and, for the most part, evades distortion. But there are specifications to be drawn. It seems reasonable to assume, for instance, that Hannett's sudden political fervor before and after the Second World War was compensation for his having withdrawn up as a writer (which he effectively did two decades before he died, a paper and a release, in 1962).

Layman generally endows any such connections and is content to offer the

reader some prosaic critical biography. There are endless speculations of the early detective magazine writers, as well as the novels. One wonders for whom this book was written: those familiar with Hannett will be bored, while strangers to the Hannett style will be handed shreds of plot—and have the pleasure of reading the actual scenes spoiled for them. For all his research and pedantic description, Layman never manages to come up with anything as visceral as Raymond Chandler's characterisation. "Hannett, book mender out of the Victorian vane and dropped it into the alley."

What emerges from *Shadow Man* is a pencil-thin sketch of a charming and occasionally broadly written man who lived recklessly while he went to and physically and artistically Hannett's uniqueness is supported by his relationship with Nathaniel West, who took him under his wing in New York, where West was down-and-out in Hollywood writing *The Day of the Locust*. Hannett embarrassed him at a large party by showing out. "I haven't any money to lend you now."

But what surprised this reality is a mystery. It is tempting to think that the success and easy money of *The Thin Man* movie series was the apple the snake handed Hannett. The more reader has little reason to bother with the book in *Shadow Man* and, instead, might be well advised to curl up with *The Maltese Falcon*, a book that possesses like a big rock out.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Fiction**
1. *Snake House*, Chival (2)
 2. *Jackie Park*, Simon (2)
 3. *God Emperor of China*, Robert (2)
 4. *The Greenback*, Wheeler (2)
 5. *The Circus of God*, West (2)
 6. *Laurence of London*, Rogers (2)
 7. *Goodbye, Captain*, Kohnen (2)
 8. *The Gilded Horse*, Weinberg (2)
 9. *Musical Man*, Smith (2)
 10. *The Temptation of Elmer Hughes*, Weiss (2)
- Nonfiction**
1. *The Legend of Mord*, Thorne (2)
 2. *Debut's Book of the Year*, Widdling, Holmes (2)
 3. *General*, Rogers (2)
 4. *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Mead (2)
 5. *Three Face the Story*, Stryker (2)
 6. *The Eagle's Gift*, Conner (2)
 7. *Patent's Gun*, Rogers (2)
 8. *The Big Experiment*, Male, Sweeney (2)
 9. *Black Madonna*, A Writer's Life (2)
 10. *Paper Moon*, Smith (2)

(2) Figures last week

FILMS

One bad turn deserves another and another

HEAVY METAL

Directed by Gerard Philpott

The Ivan Reitman Special is characterized by an uneasy balance of taste, providing the public with the product it apparently desires. Reitman is the Canadian producer-director who has lost his inimitable *Night* touch to *National Lampoon's Animal House*,

tion features some mildly interesting detail and some rather pretty scenes, though nothing more than the standard let's-get-naked-and-play-with-the-crays production. Each story attempts to meet on a beach in the middle of Adriatic. Produced by and starring Bo Derek, directed by John Derek, this *Tarzan* looks back to the glories of its B-movie tradition and has come up with a C.



'Heavy Metal' creates most gratuitous violence since kids picked wings off bees

Deadly, *Stripes* and now *Heavy Metal*. With *Heavy Metal*, as with *Animal House*, he has spared us his heavy directorial hand, but his ingenuity is very definitely up.

Heavy Metal, a Canadian co-production, takes its title from the fantasy was once by National Lampoon, whose invention folk who are sure to the line. The title has absolutely nothing to do with what happens on the screen, but then again what happens on the screen has nothing to do with such things as plot or subtext. There are several stories (to use a charitable term) that the writers, during a moment of self-delusion, ought like to think are science fiction. All deal with a green apothecary glass supposed to be the incarnation of evil, and are based up by the ready-minded imitations of Black Sabbath, Marzulli, Chuck Truitt, and a host of others. The narra-

tion is that violence is bad and must be moderate. It must be evaluated because this is an excuse for more gratuitous violence. The humor, as in other Reitman films, is strictly for the beer belly of the mind.

The site good thing about *Heavy Metal* is that it eventually ends and will never be seen again—unless one happens to be tied to a chair in front of a TV screen years from now. This, however, is unlikely, since made and becoming figure, even when associated, are subject to censorship. Some of our better known things who provided the scenes for the narration—John Candy, Marilyn Lightstone, John Vernon, Jackie Burroughs, Eugene Levy, Dick Franco—must surely be thanking God for the inability of memory to retain all things. *My My Metal* is another reason for feeling proud of Hollywood North.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE



Miss O'Keefe and Derek: a career based on mammas and Coppershaws

Bare boredom

TARZAN, THE APE MAN
Directed by John Derek

The only apparent explanation for the existence of the soft-core adventure *Tarzan, the Ape Man* is an unlikely coincidence: the world's most perfect female body and the world's most perfect male body happen to meet on a beach in the middle of Adriatic. Produced by and starring Bo Derek, directed by John Derek, this *Tarzan* looks back to the glories of its B-movie tradition and has come up with a C.

Whether John Derek is a worse director than Bo Derek as an actor will be a much debated question when the work film of 1983 is finally chosen. But, with the year only half over, *Tarzan* remains an odds-on favorite. John Derek has an uneasy knack for discovering the action of boredom: shooting at the shore of every scene has written him good. Many of these are shot in the kind of soft-focus shimmer that usually says "thank-you very much to milk, and many—especially the light scenes—use stylized to drink by some of the slowest film directors."

Not to be outdone, Bo Derek puts to rest any suspicion that her career is based on something other than her lecherous, mammas and Coppershaws. Frequent "Okey-Do!" are delivered with all the emotional fervor of a Hollywood Black Christmas, withering a bare-chested female. Whenever the quest for the elephant's graveyard threatens to become merely interesting, Jane (Derek) falls out of her shirt. When Richard Harris, in *Jane's* father, is impaled on an elephant tusk, his daughter, with implacable consistency, is stricken.



Hannett in Hollywood: 1940s in charming and occasionally brutally unkind case

Maclean's
Congratulates
the winner of the

ROYAL WEDDING HOLIDAY
contest trip for two to London, England



Mrs. W. L. Clairmont with her son, Thomas.
(Ottawa, Ontario)

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throughout his death scene. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry," Jene says at one point. Even Rose Barrowby probably knows exactly how she feels.
—DAVID MACFARLANE

Borrowing the blueprints

WOLFEN
Directed by Michael Wadleigh

The recent proliferation of horror movies has, with few exceptions, and a single style: the camera plays the killer, tracking its victim with the eye of the lens. In the immensely successful *Maclean's* John Carpenter made the technique highly marketable, so much so that nearly every other movie in the genre since has preyed almost exclusively on the audience's free-floating anxieties. In these movies, and *Wolfen* is an example, it doesn't matter who the killers or victims are. It's the technique that puts you on edge.

In *Wolfen* victims have their throats torn and brains ripped out by marauding wolves who have survived for centuries and are now holed up in the bushy-on South Bronx (as if New York didn't already have enough problems). As they track their victims we see the city through their eyes, the images become overexposed, psychedelic, the sound is distorted and we hear the thump of their heartbeats. Both the visual and aural language is heightened, comprised by a certain ghoulish humor, which also serves as a reprieve from the heinous involving wolves who apparently have PhDs.

The hunted-on detective on the case (Albert Finney), who has recently had a breakdown, changes modes in the corner's office while body parts are being severed. Finney's Devoy Wilson is like an updated version of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe—cynical, remote, arrogant and aloof. Such a character deserves a more respectable antagonist than Wolfen's adversaries, however, might be too scared to take any notice.
—LOU

Finney, Diane Venora, camera as killer



MUSIC

Rock without roll

Lights flash, smoke pots explode and a fierce industrial roar erupts from the sound system. The singer, expensively in hair and leather, unleashes a banshee wail. Base Oyster Cult has opened another show, which will hold over upon layers of thick guitar chords in the 17,000-strong audience composed mostly of teen-age boys, punches the air with its fists. This is heavy metal music, the most extreme form of lumbering hard rock and the most durable travelling noise of the '70s that is now emerging as the dominant sound of the '80s.

It could be termed rock without roll. The whirling, spinning, leaping, peacocking rhythms and overwrought, go-around vocals that characterize heavy metal represent the trade marks of the most commercially successful rock albums of 1980. This classic heavy metal of Rush, Van Halen and AC/DC

listeners," says John Parikakis, a broadcasting consultant and partner of Toronto's *Music Communications*. In the '70s, the radio had geared itself to exclusively to the over-35 market that hard rock, whose fans are between 16 and 24, seldom received airplay. As a result, replaces Gregg Geller, an executive at Epic Records, "A hard-rock band had to build its following on the road." Black-collar towns, big sports arenas and loud theatres rather than expensive studio production and extensive radio play were the essential ingredients. "In fact, for most bands, the records only came later," adds Geller, explaining that it takes time to produce albums and then to make such up with a couple of concert album popularity. 1980's *Speedway*, for example, did not have a solid hit single until their second, 11th album.

The key to the relative popularity of harder rock may be the slowness in the



and the more pop-oriented ditties of 1980. *Speedway*, *Loverboy* and *April Wine* are reaching gold (sales of 500,000 copies in the U.S.) and even platinum (sales of one million) status almost as they hit the record racks. "We usually expect a Base Oyster Cult or Nasty Blotch to sell between 750,000 and one million records," explains Julie Shapiro, promotion director for CBS Records International in New York. "But *Speedway*'s discography is still building after five million and we expect it to be the best-selling album of the year."

An important factor in the burgeoning popularity of harder rock is increased exposure on FM radio. "What's really happened is that programmers have started paying attention to their

recording industry. "Actually, there is no real sexual," says Geller. "They're young, a few bands in this school of rock share the shorts. It's just coming to everyone's attention this year because record sales are generally weak and this kind of music hasn't slipped." The fan's sense of loyalty to the harder bands may have prevented this slip. Geller compares the heavy metal listener to the counter music fan. "They are remarkably faithful once they accept a band as their own, which invariably happens through years of tough roadwork."

That fidelity is finally rewarding these dog soldiers of popular music for their years of lost in baroque arenas from Dartmouth, N.H., to Nassau, B.C. The American hunger for hard rock has



Michael Anthony of Van Halen (above): Loverboy, romance and aggression

helped veteran bands such as Rush sustain their popularity. *Moxy Früvous* became their seventh platinum album in Canada and fourth in the U.S. and has accelerated the rise of new bands such as Loverboy. Ron Loverboy's record company, CBS, underestimated the receptive market, stocking only 20,000 copies of their debut album in American stores last October. Since then, U.S. sales of *Loverboy* have climbed to 300,000 to supplement their exceptional Canadian sales of 400,000. April Wine's eight years on the road have finally paid off with two gold records in both Canada and the U.S., and other northern bands such as Hologram, April, Streetheart and Randy Bachman's Union are unwilling to follow their peers toward the top of the American charts.

Yet it probably matters little whether the new rising hard rockers are Canadian, British—the Jades, Front or Motherlode—or American. The genre itself is a proven perennial, always playing on the collision of romance and aggression, frustration and release that lies at the heart of male adolescence. While the British call the hard rock ramp "brotherhood," the label industry suggests that the male rebellion, they represent a social phenomenon. But heavy metal is a future, not a passing phenomenon, and its socialized rebellion is a sign that nothing new or rebellious is afloat, that the rock audience is solidly conservative and deeply resistant to change.

—RICK TITUS

As ye sow, so shall ye reap

In England, the urban agfiness is not allowed to ooze out onto the land

By Alina Fotheringham

The Kewtiek downs roll and fall, light green disappearing into dark green and reappearing again only to dissolve into darker green pools of trees. The sheep do not speckle the landscape so much as melt into it, as if painted there. The thick heagen wind is rapidly like catapaults, snoring off the fields into coastal restraing-direet but firm boundaries that do not put the eyes as fences would do. All is

In England, it is not as if vulgarity does not exist. It does—in gullies, hawthorn and hawthorn. But it is confined. The English drive lines around their cities. All the agfiness (and they are masters of it) is contained there. It's not allowed to ooze out into this green and gulliant land, that jewel in a shoring sea. Villages start abruptly and finish abruptly. You know when you're in one and when you're out. Not only are the boundaries enforced, so is keeping that might intrude on the skyline.



natural, all is natural, all is giving to the glaze, a countryside out of Constable's head, a view that calms the spirit and soothes the frenzied brain. Someone trying to escape the somers of the royal wedding by fleeing south from London is struck once again—in its strikes all visitors—how successful are the English in their street separation of urban agfiness from rural beauty. A society that has both probably the highest birth rates in a history (even Tokyo and Moscow, for all they try, can not match the dreariness of Manchester as London or most of London) has the most serene countryside in the world. England, even outside the yreng of the cities, looks the epitome. It strains the eye. It makes the pulse ease and the blood pressure come down to a slow gullage. (I am long enough at the downs and the sheep and the hedges and you can feel the middle of the tranquil-hegen going straight to the grey matter.)

The English, while very sleepy about housing, building and a telephone system that works, are extremely strict about the demarcation line between that which is urban and that which is rural. Not for them the depressing episode of sand cars, push-bell emperors, green nose and no-tail motor that dribble off the edge of North American cities like a maggy dog's tail. Canadian and American municipal authorities have backbones made of jelly roll as they respond to the greed of a populace where consumer sales and visual vulgarity is tolerated.

Alina Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

ward Heath were there, Harold Wilson, Grant Kelly, the King of Tonga—all the usual gang—and I watched the Danes and the India-Beyers pore off through the police-controlled intersection and speed through the deserted street (everyone else before the belly on their way out of the cadid brick drabness of London now leaving to the country houses and estates where the upper class should stuff from the unattractive cities.

The England they escape to is tended as carefully as a garden. A magazine called *Country Landowners* ("the premiere and unfigured the interests of owners of rural land") argues that the abolition of their sports would have a far more devastating effect on the landscape than any single event in the past 100 years including British also disease. Take away hunting and shooting, says the magazine, "and you immediately remove the only reason for keeping and looking after thousands of acres of openland, whether heath, fox coverts and hedges, which are so much a part of the typical English landscape. A review for National Trust—which is charged with preserving the woods in perpetuity for the benefit of the nation—was in deep danger from local residents when it had to fill in large cuts that were discussed in the previous lake district. Only a public meeting calmed the air.

The England they escape from is one of interesting dreariness. Some 20 years ago when I first moved down from the Yorkshire Moors into the center of Sheffield, famous for all that gleaming classic cutlery, it was just too creak and the population of the city, streaming from the factories and mills, had come in as grey as their clothes and the streets and the buildings. It struck me that the surprise was not that the country had voted socialist in 1945 but why it hadn't voted communist in 1925.

Now the English, in 1985, are getting their urban man. They feel the anger of the population inside the cities—while preserving the countryside. It's a trade-off. You saw what you saw.





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